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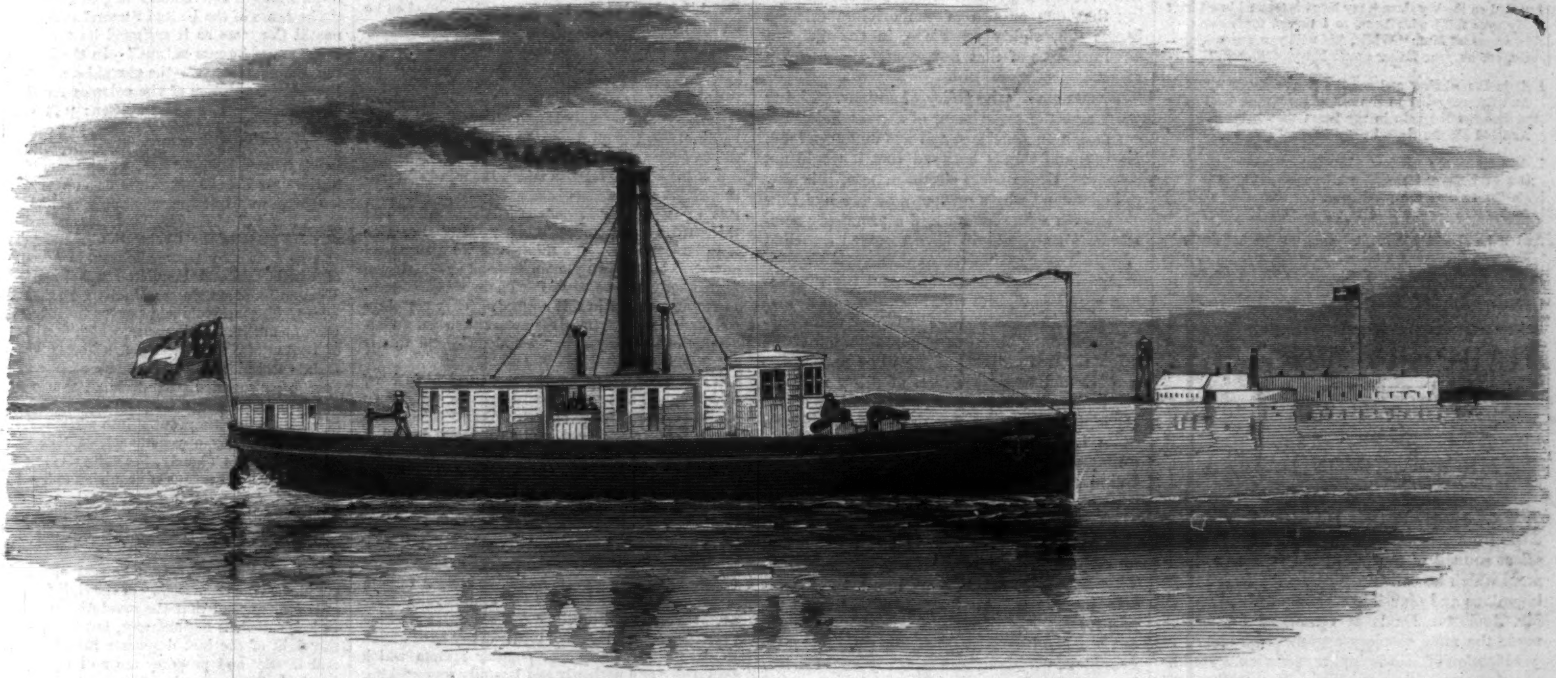
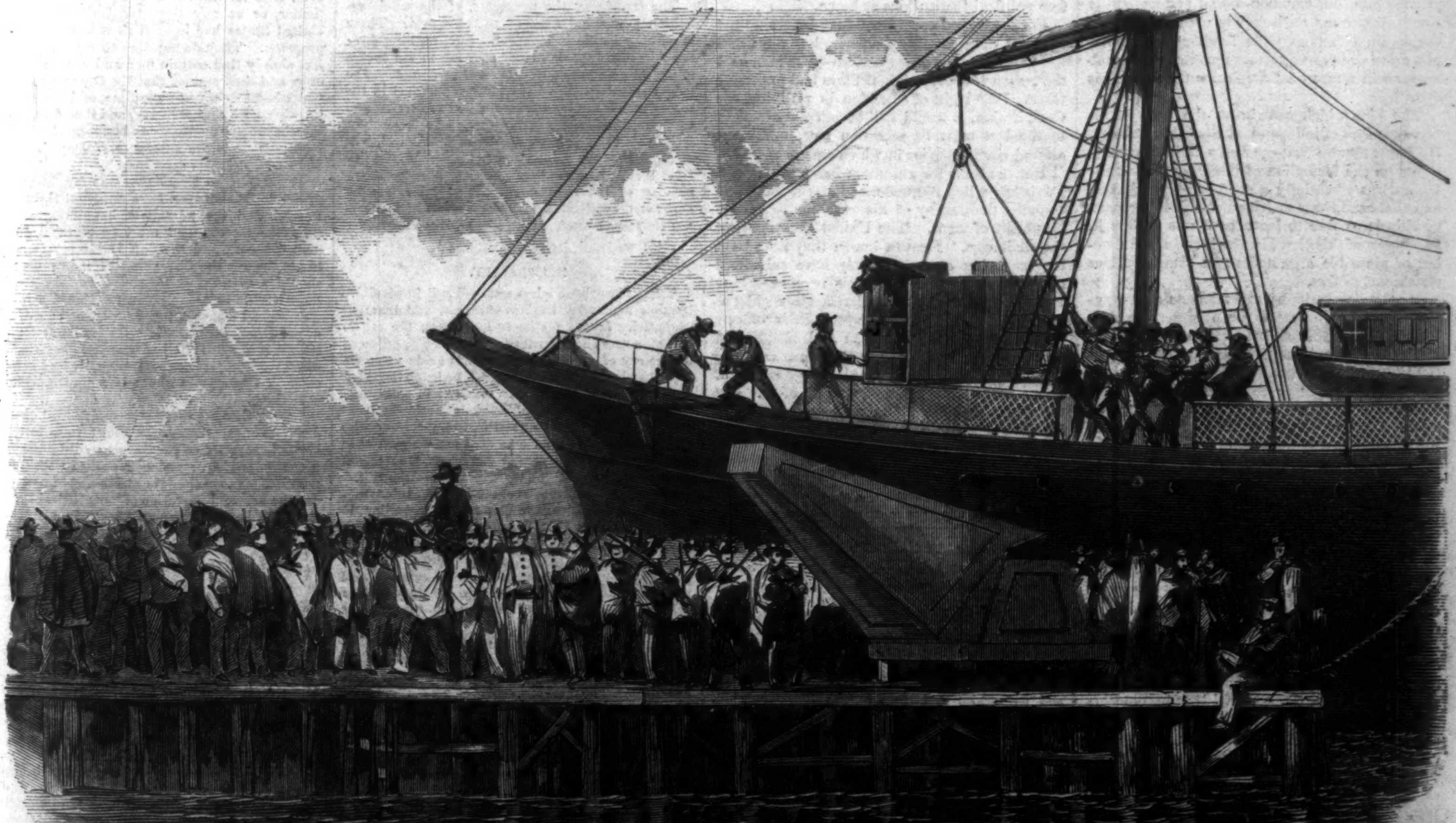


THE "LADY DAVIS," TWO GUNS, CAPTAIN ENGER, SHIP OF WAR OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

[SEE PAGE 311.]



RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY LANDING FROM THE STEAMER "BIENVILLE" AT WASHINGTON ARSENAL, ON APRIL 25.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

[SEE PAGE 316.]

VOLUNTEERED.

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And Summer sends kisses by beautiful May—
Oh! to see all the treasures the Spring is bestowing,
And think—my boy Willie enlisted to-day!

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While Robby, the four-year old, watched for the coming
Of father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed,
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;
And Robby grew weary o. watching, and started
Alone, on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year—and this afternoon, sitting
At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting
To recollect Willie is twenty to-day:

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning,
The sun making gold of his wreathed cigar-smoke,
I saw in his sweet eyes and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke:

"Dear mother, you know how those traitors are crowing,
They trample the folds of our flag in the dust;
The boys are all fire; and they wish I were going—"
He stopped, but his eyes said, "Oh say if I must!"

I smiled on the boy though my heart it seemed breaking:
My eyes filled with tears, so I turned them away.
And answered him, "Willie, 'tis well you are waking—
Go, act as your father would bid you, to-day!"

I sit in the window and see the flags flying,
And dreamily list to the roll of the drum,
And smother the pain in my heart that is lying,
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

I shall sit in the window when Summer is lying
Out over the fields, and the honey-bees' hum
Lulls the rose at the porch from her tremulous sighing,
And watch for the face of my darling to come.

And if he should fall....his young life he has given
For Freedom's sweet sake....and for me, I will pray
Once more with my Harry and Robby in heaven
To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

Albion, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 18, 1861.

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MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS'S "MESSAGE."

Mr. Jefferson Davis, Ex-Senator from Mississippi, has transmitted to the select council of rebels at Montgomery a document which he calls "a Message." It is a most ingenious and plausible statement of their case. Mr. Jefferson Davis is renowned for having made the most specious argument on record in justification of Mississippi repudiation. He has not forgotten his cunning. His "Message" would almost persuade us—if we could forget facts and law—that rebellion is right, and the maintenance of government and the enforcement of law a barefaced usurpation. Unhappily for him, our common-school system, at the North, impresses so indelibly upon our minds the cardinal facts and the fundamental principles upon which our government rests that each reader will refute his fallacies as they meet his eye.

The idea which constitutes the basis of his theory is that of independent State sovereignty. He holds that no State parted with its sovereign rights on the formation of the Union; that the Union was essentially a confederacy of States; and that each State which entered into the partnership is as free to leave as it was to join it. In support of this view Mr. Davis adduces a number of plausible arguments and some specious statements of fact.

Mr. Davis overlooks several facts and arguments which are rather more important than those which he alleges in support of his peculiar views. It is undoubtedly true that an influential political party has for many years upheld the doctrine of State sovereignty. But their views amount to nothing when opposed to the naked fact that the Constitution is a compact, not between States, but among "people." "We, *the people of the United States*, for the purpose of forming a more perfect union," etc., are the words of the Constitution. If Mr. Davis and his confederates are right in their understanding of the Constitution of the United States, why did they alter it when they adopted a Constitution at Montgomery, and insert the clause "each State acting in its separate sovereign capacity?" Is not this amendment an admission that the old Constitution was not a league among States, but among people? Why, again, does not Mr. Davis make some explanation of the case of Alabama, which State, by special act of its Legislature, declared that it could not secede from the Union without the consent of the United States? Why does he say nothing of Florida and Louisiana, which were bought, or of Texas, which was only secured by force of arms—none of which States can therefore have displayed much sovereignty in becoming members of the Union? These were questions with which it would have been well for Mr. Davis to grapple, when he undertook the justification of disunion on abstract legal grounds.

For our part, we don't think the legal points involved in this disunion business worth discussing. Conceding all that Mr. Davis claims in his argument, statesmen will recognize reasons superior to any that he sets forth for maintaining the Union inviolate at all hazards.

When this Union was established, eighty years ago, it consisted of 3,000,000 of people, scattered along the Atlantic coast from the Penobscot to the coast of Florida. It is preposterous to suppose that these 3,000,000 of dwellers by the sea-coast foresaw the nation they were going to beget in eighty years: and it is absurd to pretend that the principles by which they shaped their petty destiny must necessarily control that of a nation of over 30,000,000 people, inhabiting the whole continent between the oceans, and stretching from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Our growth has created necessities—political and military—which were not dreamed of by the founders of the Republic. It has compelled us to purchase Louisiana and Florida—purchases which would have seemed wholly unnecessary to the framers of the Constitution, because, in their day, the necessity for them did not exist. It has led to the establishment of the Monroe doctrine, which the limited sphere of the original thirteen States would have never suggested to their imagination. And now, it compels us to put down secession by force of arms, notwithstanding that one or two of the original thirteen States did, eighty years ago, in the different circumstances of that day, contemplate such a resort.

Events modify the policy of nations. Eighty years ago, the experiment of a great independent nation on American soil was undetermined. Many sound minds believed that it would not answer. Under those circumstances, it is easy to understand why a prosperous State like New York, with a fine harbor and a promising commercial future, should have reserved the right of withdrawing from the experimental Confederacy, if it proved a failure. But the reservation became null and void after the experiment was proved to be a success by eighty years' successful working, and by the consolidation of the original three millions of maritime people into a great and wealthy nation of thirty millions. All the reservations, express or implied, which accompanied the Acts of the original thirteen State Legislatures ratifying the Constitution, were predicated upon the apprehension that the Union experiment might prove a failure. Its success did away with them all.

From the moment the people of the United States constituted a great nation, a political and military necessity for union came into existence. This necessity was vital and paramount. It was the only possible guarantee they could obtain for peace, growth, and prosperity. Without union, incessant intestine wars were inevitable. Without union, they could never have assumed a commanding rank among nations; never have been secure from the ambitious designs of foreign invaders; never have efficiently protected their commerce or their citizens abroad; never have developed their free political institutions at home.

For these vital considerations—involving not only the progress and prosperity but the liberties and existence of the nation—good men hold that, even if every original State had expressly reserved the right of secession in ratifying the Constitution, it would still be our duty to fight to the last to resist secession now, under the altered circumstances in which we are placed.

But the hour for argument has passed. Mr. Davis has called 100,000 men into the field, and commits the destiny of his rebellion to the arbitrament of arms. The United States accept the challenge. Heaven knows they have been long-suffering enough. They have submitted to see their forts seized, their revenue-cutters stolen, their arsenals plundered, their citizens outraged, their flag fired upon, their officers exiled, their authority defied and insulted in every possible way. At last they have arisen in their might, and as we write the war has begun. It is a sad, a cruel emergency to all of us. But the die is now cast; and we can only say, in buckling on our armor—God defend the right!

THE LOUNGER.

IN MEMORIAM.

The readers of the early numbers of *Harper's Weekly* will remember the pleasant gossip of town life published in these very columns under the title of "The Bohemian." They were written by Edward G. P. Wilkins, whose name became subsequently well known as the author of several successful plays, the latest of which was "Henriette." Mr. Wilkins was the dramatic critic of the *Herald*, and wrote airy and sparkling feuilletons for the *Saturday Press*. His peculiar gifts promised a conspicuous career; but a brief illness ended his life on the 4th of May.

Personally, "The Bohemian" was unknown to the Lounger: but he was well known to him, as to others, through the warm words of admiring friends. And now that the pen of the kindly critic and genial author is laid aside forever, there is a melancholy fitness in naming him here, scattering rosemary upon his early grave.

LETTING ALONE.

"All that we want," says Mr. Jeff Davis, "is to be let alone." All that the rebels in Charleston wanted, when they were for five months building batteries to fire upon the United States flag and take a United States fortress, was to be let alone. All that the rebels of New Orleans wanted, when they stole the Mint, was to be let alone. All that General Braxton Bragg wanted, as he concentrated troops and reared batteries against Fort Pickens, was to be let alone. All that the rebels who took the navy-yard and hospitals at Pensacola wanted was to be let alone. All that Floyd wanted, as he robbed the treasury of the United States and put the arms of the people of the country within reach of the rebellion, was to be let alone. All that Toucey wanted, as he sent the ships away and put the navy-yards into the hands of weak men, was to be let alone. All that Cobb wanted, as he strained himself to create a disastrous financial panic in the country, was to be let alone. All that the Virginia traitors who went to seize the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and were going to possess the navy-yard at Gosport, wanted was to be let alone. All that the Baltimore Plug Uglies want at this moment is to be let alone. And Jeff Davis, at the head of a rebellion which struggles to destroy the government of the United States, and would snatch Washington if it could, merely wants to be let alone. Yes, and Guy Fawkes going to touch the slow-match which should explode the powder in the cellar of the Parliament House only wanted to be let alone. Hicks, who murdered the sloop's crew last year, only wanted to be let alone. The forger writing your name, the incendiary kindling your store, the thief picking your pocket, the burglar breaking into your house, only want to be let alone.

My friend, if you cry out so lustily, when you see the sheriff's officer coming, that you want to be let alone, I shall do my best to detain you until the officer comes up.

During all the years in which the mind of a section of the country has been carefully prepared for this rebellion, the leaders of the movement and their friends have said, politely, "All that we wish is to be let alone. We think that we understand ourselves better than you understand us—so, if you please, only let us alone." There was an inexpressible sarcasm in this request. They certainly did understand themselves better than we understood them. They *were* "let alone"—and this is the consequence.

They have led us by the nose, and kicked us, and laughed at us, and scorned us in their very souls as cravens and tuppenny tinkers. They have swelled, and swaggered, and sworn, and lorded it in Washington and at the North, as if they were peculiarly *gentlemen*, because they lived by the labor of wretched men and women whom they did not pay—whom they sold to pay their debts, and whipped and maimed savagely at their pleasure. They have snorted superciliously about their rights, while they deprived four millions of human beings of all rights whatsoever, and have sought to gain such control of the General Government that they might override altogether the state laws which protect the equal rights of men. They have aimed to destroy the beneficent popular system which peacefully and patiently and lawfully was working out the great problem of civilization; and while they have been digging about the foundations of the temple to make sure of its downfall, they have loftily replied to our inquiries, "We only want to be let alone."

The treachery, the meanness, of the whole rebellion now stand exposed to the world. There is nothing heroic in it, nothing just, nothing fair: nothing that appeals to any emotion in the breast of honest men but detestation and contempt. The only two things that have lately flourished in the region which has bred this rebellion are cotton and treason. And the conspirators, who have now made this clear enough to the dullest mind, will discover that the Government of their country will "let them alone" only when they have paid the penalty of the most monstrous social crime by flight or the halter, and when the seeds of the treason they have sown are utterly destroyed.

NEUTRALITY.

There are times when neutrality is impossible, because neutrality implies inaction, and inaction necessarily favors one party more than the other. If a man sees another running toward him followed by the cry of stop thief, and stands aside upon the plea that he wishes to be neutral, he helps the thief and does all he can at the moment to encourage robbery. Or when a riot breaks out and the military are called upon to quell it, every soldier who refuses to march because he does not care whether the rioters are suppressed or victorious, is responsible in his degree for the consequences of the riot.

When the Government of the United States summons all loyal citizens to help resist a rebellion, if any citizen says that the troops shall not march over his land to reach the rebels, he is one of the rebels whom the troops are to put down. His inaction is simply a barrier between the criminal and the officer. So when Kentucky or Maryland or Missouri talk about neutrality in this contest they assert the very principle of the superiority of the State to the National power, which is the life-blood of the whole treason.

There is no necessary conflict between the State and National authorities. The Constitution of the United States declares that all laws which shall be made in pursuance of the Constitution "shall be the supreme law of the land, any thing in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." The President swears to support those laws, and he is made commander of the whole force of the country for that purpose. If any body is dissatisfied with the operation of those laws he has a two-fold remedy: he may endeavor to change the policy of Congress that laws objectionable to him may be repealed, and if they were objectionable to the greater number of citizens, they will be repealed. In the second place, he may bring his action in the Supreme Court of the United States.

When, therefore, the President calls upon the country to sustain the laws and the Government by force of arms, whoever cries hands off is a rebel. If, for instance, the people of Kentucky wish that the Government of the United States should be maintained, and to maintain it, it should be necessary to march loyal citizens through the State of Kentucky, what do they mean when they say that those citizens shall not come? They mean that they don't care whether that Government is maintained or not.

Of course there are plenty of loyal men in Kentucky. But they are not enough to put the State upon a loyal footing. There are so many disloyal men that the friends of the Government agree to compromise upon this vague ground of neutrality. They can not stand there. Either the loyal men will openly fight under the flag of the country, or the disloyal men will run up the rattlesnake. Because the Government, maintaining its authority over all the domain of the United States, will move wherever it is necessary to move. Whoever impedes its movement is a traitor, and must be so considered.

THE CORE OF THE REBELLION.

The pleasantest and aptest reading in these days is our Revolutionary history and literature. It is good to see what the men who made this Government thought and said, for it is an inspiration to those who are now maintaining and defending it. "The cause of the United States," said the Continental Congress as it resigned its functions, "is the cause of human nature." In the introduction to "Common Sense"—the pamphlet which crystallized the revolution of the colonies for independence—Thomas Paine had written: "The cause of America is, in a great measure, the cause of all mankind." When William Moultrie, with his pipe in his mouth, held the fort, which bears his name, against Sir Peter Parker, the flag under which he fought was a white flag with a crescent and the motto "Liberty." The Virginia Declaration of Rights was the germ of the Declaration of Independence. It was drawn by George Mason, in a convention of which Edmund Pendleton was President, and Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Patrick Henry, George Mason, Archibald Cary, and Richard Blond were members. This paper, which is still the Bill of Rights of Virginia, struck a higher key in the morals and philosophy of human society than had ever been sounded. It declared that "All men are by nature equally free, and have inherent rights of which when they enter into a state of society, they can not, by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity: namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety."

Then came the Declaration of Independence, which every inhabitant of the country should read certainly once a year, that he may clearly understand the American theory of the rightful origin of government, and that the revolutionary principle, as it is called, is not anarchy, but the assertion of the right of the last desperate resource when life and liberty and property are no longer protected by the government.

This knowledge is the more necessary because the Davis rebellion, in the last emergency, undertakes to justify itself upon the plea of the right of revolution. Before that can be sustained, however, it is for the rebels to show that in any particular, or at any time, the Government of the United States has injured their lives, liberties, or property. They do not dare to say it. They assert simply that certain men and women are property, and then assume that the Government of the United States may at some time, and in some way, interfere with that property, and therefore, to avoid the chance, they will try to break up that Government. This is the substance of Davis's message and of Stephens's recent speech.

The American Revolution was fought upon the principle that all men have an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that therefore Government must be founded on common consent; and the Jeff Davis rebels are trying to destroy the Government lest in some way it should prevent their depriving certain people of those rights at their pleasure. That a body of men should attempt the destruction of a Government which secures these fundamental rights to the great majority is bad enough; but that they should attempt it because it may, by its lawful and peaceful operation, ultimately secure them to all, is devilish.

Let it, then, be distinctly understood that this Jeff Davis rebellion is an effort to override the normal operation of our Government by the merest Mexican anarchy; and it is pushed with this desperation because the late election shows that, under the peaceful operation of our political system—the most just and benign known in history—the barbarism which has clogged and disgraced us as a nation will be surely and safely eliminated from our society. It is an insurrection against the common sense and common conscience of mankind, and against the inevitable course of Christian civilization.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

The letter of Secretary Seward to Mr. Dayton, Minister to France, ought to convince the most skeptical that there is no man who more clearly comprehends this crisis than the Secretary of State. Certainly no honest statesman was ever more suspected and abused than he has been; and yet he has been calmly consistent from the beginning.

Believing that it was necessary to exhaust every chance of pacific settlement, not from timidity or ignorance of the nationality of our Government, but in order to consolidate public opinion at home and destroy all pretense of premature severity which might be urged by the rebellion to foreign courts, Mr. Seward's policy, both as Senator and Secretary, has been to put the rebels utterly in the wrong, that their moral defeat might precede their discomfiture in battle. No other policy than this could have saved the Government, for no other could have so indissolubly joined the hearts and hands of loyal men. Mr. Seward has been called

pusillanimous, if not treacherous, by eager writers, who, by an impotent defiance of danger would have secured the defeat of the good cause. Yet had he of all men given no proof of fidelity to the Government? Was he the first to be suspected of disloyalty to our system (or doubt of its power)—he who of all statesmen in the land, from his entrance into public life thirty-six years ago, has maintained a cheerful and unshrinking faith of the mind, not of the mouth, in the principle of popular government?

Last week we were speaking of his letter to Governor Hicks. Look at that again for one moment. The chance was, and every body knew it, that Washington would be captured. If it had been so the President and his cabinet would easily have been taken. Now if the head of the cabinet had written a truculent letter of defiance to Governor Hicks, and, as it was then fair to suppose, the capital of the country and the officers of the Government had been captured by the rebels, there is not a Government in the world that would not have felt that the Government of the United States was ludicrously ignorant of its own power and position; and they would have been inclined to say, and justly, this rebellion is very nearly a *de facto* government: or will presently become so, while such amusing and blustering ignorance rules the counsels of the regular Government.

Would it have been wise in the Secretary of State to have fortified the position of the rebels so strongly as that? And yet he and every body had good reason to believe that the curt letter which he was sneered at for not writing to Governor Hicks would have been such a fortification.

The letter he did write was written from precisely the same general policy as that which he addressed to Mr. Dayton, and which is so warmly praised. If the country sees as clearly as the Secretary of State, *how* to do as well as *what* to do, we may be more cheerful than ever.

In his last volume of the "History of England," lately published, Macaulay describes Lord Somers, the great Whig statesman of King William's day. Could there be a better portrait of the present Secretary of State?

"Pre-eminent among the ministerial Whigs was one in whom admirable vigor and quickness of intellect were united to a not less admirable moderation and urbanity, one who looked on past ages with the eye of a practical statesman, and on the events which were passing before him with the eye of a philosophical historian. It was not necessary for him to name himself. He could be none but Somers."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COMPLETE DISGUISE.—An Englishman and Roman were walking through the galleries of the Vatican, where certain statues and pictures have been slightly clothed so as not to shock the minds of purists as fastidious as the late King of Naples, when the Englishman made some allusion in the course of conversation to the "naked Truth." "Excuse me, Sir," replied the Roman, half plaintively, "the Truth is no longer allowed to go naked in Rome—good care is taken that it shall be draped by a Cardinal."

"OVER, FORK OVER."—The *Times* remarks that marriage is "a very highly pitched relation." Young Snobkins, who was in love with his cousin Euphemia, says that he was also a very highly pitched relation when he proposed marriage, for his indignant uncle threw him bang over the garden wall.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WIT AND HUMOR.

There has been so many thousand definitions of Wit and Humor that we do not offer the slightest apology for the following attempt to explain the difference between them. We have but little doubt that it will fully come up in merit and success to its numerous predecessors, the majority of which have been egregious failures.

Humor is the art of saying happy things that have the effect of making others happy; while Wit, and especially that grade of it that takes the form of Satire, is the art of saying smart things that are the cause of smarting in others.

"BLESS HER DEAR SIDES."—The French have just launched another steel frigate, but our Admiralty are so slow with theirs that Britannia, in her leisure moments, will have plenty of time to sing, "Still, so gently o'er me *steeling*."

A NEW FASHION.—We are continually being told that "Pride will have a fall," but we never could understand it. As Pride is never ashamed of showing her features, but on the contrary is rather proud of displaying them, being generally noted for the unabashed boldness of her countenance, we do not see the necessity why she should have a Fall, when it is very clear that she does not want one. Now, if it were Prudery, instead of Pride, we could the better appreciate the force of the meaning; for the Fall would be of use to Prudery, to enable her to smirk and leer, and make pretenses of blushing behind it; and we can only say, that the sooner Prudery does have a Fall, or in other words, takes the veil, the more highly we shall be pleased, for we are sure that no one ever wants to see her ugly face again.

PRETTY PIGS.—The Pope, in his petticoats and white satin shoes, may be looked upon as somewhat of a female. There is another point of resemblance between his Holiness and the ladies. Both, on certain subjects, are alike deaf to reason. The obstinacy of the Pontiff relates to Faith, the pig-headedness of the fair sex regards Fashion. He will not concede secular Government nor surrender young Mortara; they refuse to give up Crinoline. To the demand of justice, common sense, and expediency, the Pope replies *Non possumus;* and when implored to relinquish a dangerous, inconvenient, and ridiculous mode of dress, so say the ladies.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER BY A CELEBRATED DRAMATIC CRITIC.

In Paris Salons it is stated
Scribe did not die—but was *translated.*

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO SEPARATE FOR THEIR LIVES.

Why is Sir Cresswell Cresswell like a railway accident?—Because he very often snaps the coupling chains, and separates the sleepers.

C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE.—Among the various columns in the Census returns, filled up on the 7th instant, was one requiring each person to specify whether he was "married" or "unmarried," and another in which all "blind" persons were enumerated. The latter column appeared somewhat superfluous, for to get at the number of the blind it was surely only necessary to add up the lists of the married?—so at least says a Correspondent, signing himself "A WIDE-AWAKE BACHELOR."

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF LOVE.—Love is often very contradictory; for instance, Lovers' Knots are frequently made all the tighter by one particular Not meaning a Yes.

A worthy clergyman was roused from his sleep at five o'clock in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fish-pond in his grounds. His reverence put his night-capped head out of the window, and saw three men standing by the side of his pond.

"What are you doing there?" said he.

"Fishing," said they.

"But you are trespassing on my land; you must go away."

"Go to bed again," was the rejoinder; "your Master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen."

The good clergyman could, of course, only turn in again.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS.—A youth was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him, exclaiming, "No, no, that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it sha'n't be wetted now."

A SAILOR'S OPINION OF AN OPERA.—When the Pyne-Harrison company were performing at Liverpool, a sea-captain, just arrived in port, was presented with a ticket to the opera. When the performance was over he was asked by a friend how he liked it. "Well," answered he, "I know very little about music, and can't pretend to be a judge. I liked some things pretty well; but I rather think that some of them didn't know their business. There was one woman who screeched and tore round, I thought, in an abominable way; and other folks thought so, too, for they made her do it over a second time."

NECK AND HEELS.—A young man named Neck has recently been married to Miss Heels. They are now, therefore, literally tied neck and heels together.

An eminent artist is about getting up a panorama of a lawsuit. It opens in the year 1, and closes at doomsday!

Which is the best way of *retaining* a woman's affections?—By not *returning* them.

ROBBERY OF THE NATIONAL APPLE ORCHARD.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN. "I say, Jeff, this thing has been going on long enough. Suppose you drop those apples and come down."

JEFF DAVIS. "Please don't shoot, Mr. Lincoln, ALL I WANT IS TO BE LET ALONE!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION FROM THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, *May* 3, 1861.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

Whereas, existing exigencies demand immediate and adequate measures for the protection of the national Constitution and the preservation of the national Union by the suppression of the insurrectionary combinations now existing in several States for opposing the laws of the Union and obstructing the execution thereof, to which end a military force in addition to that called forth by my proclamation of the fifteenth day of April in the present year, appears to be indispensably necessary, now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the Militia of the several States when called into actual service, do hereby call into the service of the United States forty-two thousand and thirty-four volunteers, to serve for a period of three years unless sooner discharged, and to be mustered into service as infantry and cavalry.

The proportions of each arm and the details of enrollment and organization will be made through the Department of War; and I also direct that the regular army of the United States be increased by the addition of eight regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and one regiment of artillery, making altogether a maximum aggregate increase of twenty-two thousand seven hundred and fourteen, officers and enlisted men, the details of which increase will also be made known through the Department of War; and I further direct the enlistment for not less than one nor more than three years of eighteen thousand seamen, in addition to the present force, for the naval service of the United States. The details of the enlistment and organization will be made known through the Department of the Navy.

The call for volunteers, hereby made, and the direction for the increase of the regular army, and for the enlistment of seamen hereby given, together with the plan of organization adopted for the volunteers and for the regular forces hereby authorized will be submitted to Congress as soon as assembled. In the mean time I earnestly invoke the co-operation of all good citizens in the measures hereby adopted for the effectual suppression of unlawful violence, for the impartial enforcement of constitutional laws, and for the speediest possible restoration of peace and order, and, with those, of happiness and prosperity throughout the country.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The following is an extract from a dispatch from Governor Seward, Secretary of State, to Mr. Dayton, Minister at Paris:

"There is no difference of opinion whatever between the President and his constitutional advisers, or among those advisers themselves, concerning the policy that has been pursued, and which is now prosecuted by the Administration in regard to the unhappy disturbances existing in the country. The path of executive duty has thus far been too plainly marked out by stern necessity to be mistaken, while the solemnity of the great emergency and the responsibility it involves have extinguished in the public councils every emotion but those of loyalty and patriotism. It is not in the hands of this Administration that this Government is to come to an end at all, much less for want of harmony in devotion to the country. M. Thouvenel's declaration that the United States may rest well assured that no hasty or precipitate action will be taken on the subject of the apprehended application of the insurrectionists for a recognition of the independence of the so-called Confederate States is entirely satisfactory, although it was attended by a reservation of views concerning general principles applicable to cases that need not now be discussed.

"In the unofficial conversation, Mr. Faulkner says that he himself expressed the opinion that force would not be resorted to to coerce the so-called seceding States into submission to the Federal authority, and that the only solution of the difficulties would be found in such modifications of the Constitutional compact as would invite the seceding States back into the Union, or a peaceable acquiescence in the assertion of their claim to a separate sovereignty. The time when these questions had any pertinency or plausibility has passed away. The United States waited patiently while their authority was defied in turbulent assemblies and insidious preparations, willing to hope that mediation, offered on all sides, would conciliate and induce the disaffected parties to return to a better mind. But the case is now altogether changed. The insurgents have instituted revolution with open, flagrant, deadly war, to compel the United States to acquiesce in the dismemberment of the Union. The United States have accepted this civil war as an inevitable necessity. The Constitutional remedies for all the complaints of the insurgents are still open to them, and will remain so. But, on the other hand, the land and naval forces of the Union have been put into activity to restore the Federal authority and to save the Union from danger.

"You can not be too decided or too explicit in making known to the French government that there is not now, or has there been, nor will there be any—the least—idea existing in this Government of suffering a dissolution of this Union to take place in any way whatever. There will be here only one nation and one government, and there will be the same republic and the same constitutional Union that have already survived a dozen national changes, and changes of government in almost every other country. These will stand hereafter as they are now, objects of human wonder and human affection. You have seen on the eve of your departure the elasticity of the national spirit, the vigor of the national Government, and the lavish devotion of the national treasures to this great cause. Tell M. Thouvenel, then, with the highest consideration and good feeling, that the thought of a dissolution of this Union, peaceably or by force, has never entered into the mind of any candid statesman here, and it is high time that it be dismissed by statesmen in Europe.

"I am, Sir, respectfully your obedient servant,

"WM. H. SEWARD.

"To WILLIAM L. DAYTON, Esq., etc., etc., etc."

WAR PROCLAMATION FROM THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

"The sovereignty of the Commonwealth of Virginia having been denied, her territorial rights assailed, her soil threatened with invasion by the authorities at Washington, and every artifice employed which could inflame the people of the Northern States and misrepresent our purposes and wishes, it becomes the solemn duty of every citizen of this State to prepare for the impending conflict.

"Those misrepresentations have been carried to such an extent that foreigners and naturalized citizens who, but a few years ago, were denounced by the North and deprived of essential rights, have now been induced to enlist into regiments for purposes of invading this State, which then vindicated those rights and effectually resisted encroachments which threatened their destruction.

"Against such a policy and against a force which the Government at Washington, relying upon its numerical strength, is now rapidly concentrating, it becomes the State of Virginia to prepare proper safeguards.

"To this end and for these purposes, and with a determination to repel invasion, I, John Letcher, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, by authority of the Convention, do hereby authorize the commanding general of the military forces of this State to call out, and to cause to be mustered into the service of Virginia, from time to time, as the public exigency may require, such additional number of volunteers as he may deem necessary.

"To facilitate this call, the annexed schedule will indicate the places of rendezvous at which the companies called for will assemble upon receiving orders for service.

"JOHN LETCHER."

KENTUCKY TENDERS TWO REGIMENTS,

The two Kentucky Regiments, under Colonels Terrell and Guthrie, have been accepted by the Government, and the people of the State have tendered the command to Major Anderson of a Brigade, of which these Regiments will be a part.

AND DELAWARE ONE.

On May 1, Governor Burton, of Delaware, issued his proclamation calling out a regiment of volunteers for the service of the United States. The companies are to rendezvous at Wilmington.

THE ATTITUDE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, in his Message to the Legislature in extra session, says that the present condition of Maryland is not to be tolerated; that no hostile soil can be permitted to stand between the loyal States and the Federal capital, and that the time for temporizing is past. He announces on the part of the Pennsylvania banks that they have tendered any amount of money necessary for the defense of the State and the nation; and he recommends that fifteen regiments of infantry and cavalry be raised, exclusive of those already called into service by the Government.

WHAT CONNECTICUT IS DOING.

Connecticut is doing nobly for the war. Her Legislature has voted $2,000,000 and ten regiments of volunteers. The same proportion of men from all the Free States would give us an army 300,000 strong.

Colonel Colt, of Hartford, has offered his services to the Governor of Connecticut to raise a regiment, and has agreed to arm the men with breech-loading rifles at his own expense. These arms, which are of the latest improvement, would sell in the market for $50,000. The regiment is being rapidly raised.

WHERE NEW JERSEY STANDS.

The extra session of the New Jersey Legislature opened with an able Message from the Governor. He recommends a loan of $2,000,000, a State tax of $100,000, the purchase of 10,000 stand of arms, of field-pieces and munitions of war, and the raising of four regiments besides those which the General Government has called for. The bills for these measures will be passed without delay.

Some 4000 Jerseymen have gone to Washington.

WHAT INDIANA IS DOING.

The Legislature of Indiana has granted half a million of dollars through both Houses for the maintenance of a volunteer army. Four regiments are already nearly ready to march from this State, and six more are rapidly organizing.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

On Sunday, 5th, the Sixth Massachusetts regiment moved from the capital to Annapolis, from which they proceeded to take up position at the Relay House, and there command the railroad to Harper's Ferry. Two regiments, with the Boston Flying Artillery left Annapolis, by order of General Butler for the same point, to cut off all communication with Harper's Ferry. General Keim has possession of the Northern Central Railroad from Harrisburg; all communication by the Susquehanna has been cut off, and General Butler has a strong force in readiness to send by fleet to Baltimore, so that that city is completely hemmed in on all sides.

PERSONAL.

Carl Schurz, United States Minister to Spain, has obtained three months' leave of absence, and will go West immediately to organize a military force in that quarter.

Charles Francis Adams, Cassius M. Clay, and Jacob S. Haldeman, United States Ministers to England, Russia, and Sweden, sailed from Boston in the steamer *Niagara.*

Judge Campbell, of the United States Supreme Court, who resides in Alabama, has sent in his resignation. He is a Unionist, but feels bound to adhere to the fortunes of his State.

General Dix has accepted the office of Major-General of the New York troops offered to him by Governor Morgan. General Dix served in the army for fifteen or sixteen years, beginning with the war of 1812.

John Tyler sent to Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, the following dispatch, which we copy from the *Charleston Courier:*

RICHMOND, *April* 25, 3 P.M.—*To Gov. Pickens:* We are fellow-citizens once more by an ordinance passed this day. Virginia has adopted the Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States. JOHN TYLER.

All the other ex-Presidents stand by the Union and the Government.

Benjamin Treadwell Onderdonk, Episcopal Bishop of the Eastern Diocese of New York, died at his residence, No. 35 West Twenty-seventh Street, last week.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

STEAM BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND THE REBEL STATES.

A PROSPECTUS has been issued of a Company, called the "Liverpool and New Orleans Steam Navigation Company," with the object of establishing direct steam communication between Liverpool and New Orleans. The capital is fixed at £200,000, with power to increase, and many influential men are engaged in the enterprise.

It is also announced by advertisement that a company has been formed in Liverpool for establishing direct communication between that port and Charleston. The first steamer of the line is expected to be dispatched from Liverpool about the middle of July.

POLAND.

THE OUTBREAK AT WARSAW.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 23d says: "The late events at Warsaw have been unanimously commented upon by the French Press with the traditional sympathy which the cause of Poland has always excited in the West of Europe; but these expressions of interest would ill serve the Polish cause if they had the effect of misleading the public opinion, by allowing it to be supposed that the Emperor of the French encouraged hopes which he could not satisfy. The generous ideas displayed by the Emperor Alexander, especially in the emancipation of the peasants, are a certain token of his desire to realize the ameliorations admitted by the state of things in Poland. It is only to be wished that he may not be prevented from so doing by manifestations of such a nature as to place the dignity of the political interests of the Russian Empire in antagonism with the tendencies of its Sovereign."

ITALY.

THE QUARRELS OF THE LEADERS.

The Turin *Gazette* publishes a letter from General Cialdini to Garibaldi, recalling the friendship and admiration he had always felt for him, but declaring that his (Garibaldi's) last acts painfully affected him. Cialdini says:

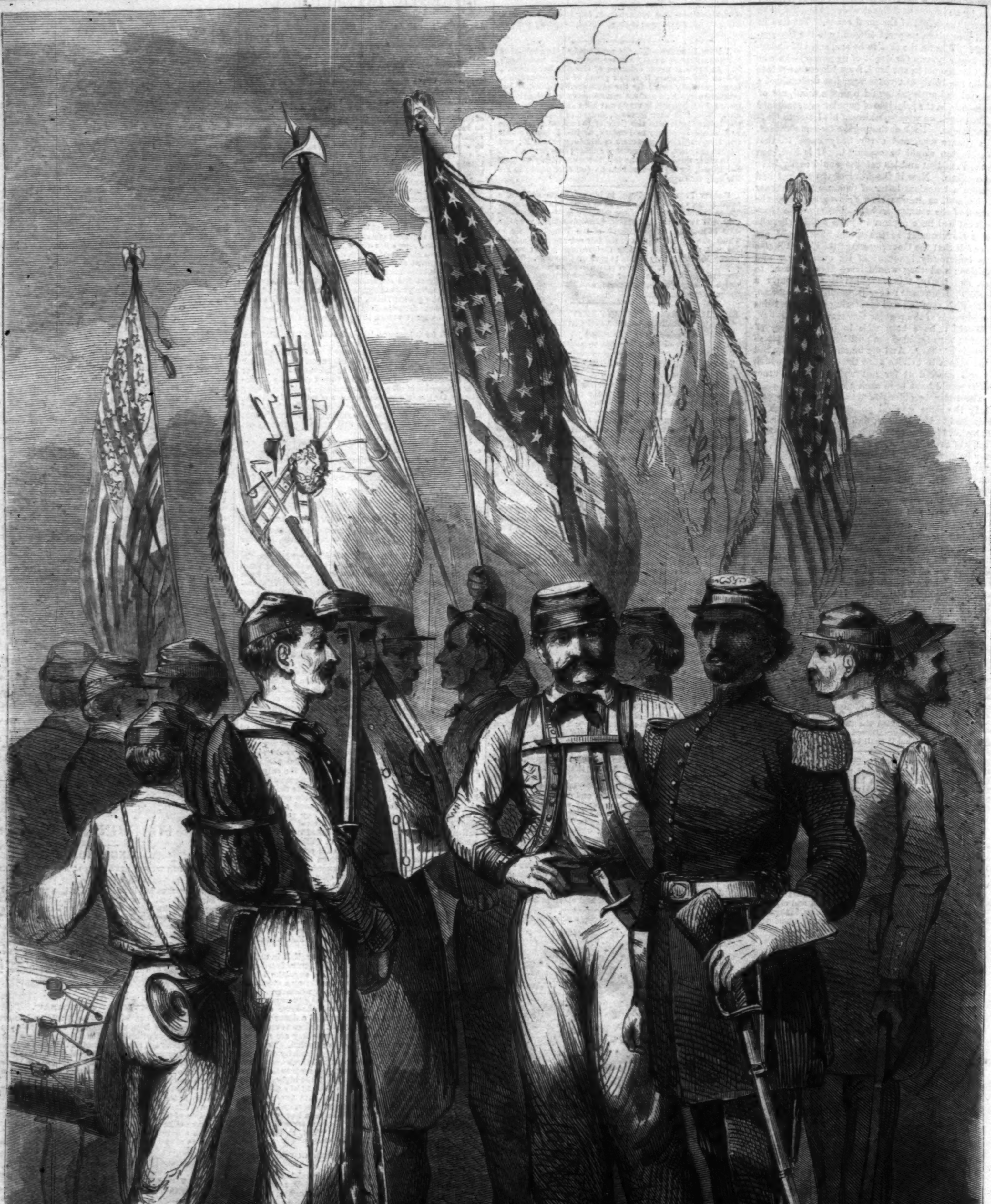
"I arrive at the secret idea of your party, which aims at rendering itself master of the army and the country, threatening us, if unsuccessful, with civil war."

A letter from Garibaldi, in reply to the above, says:

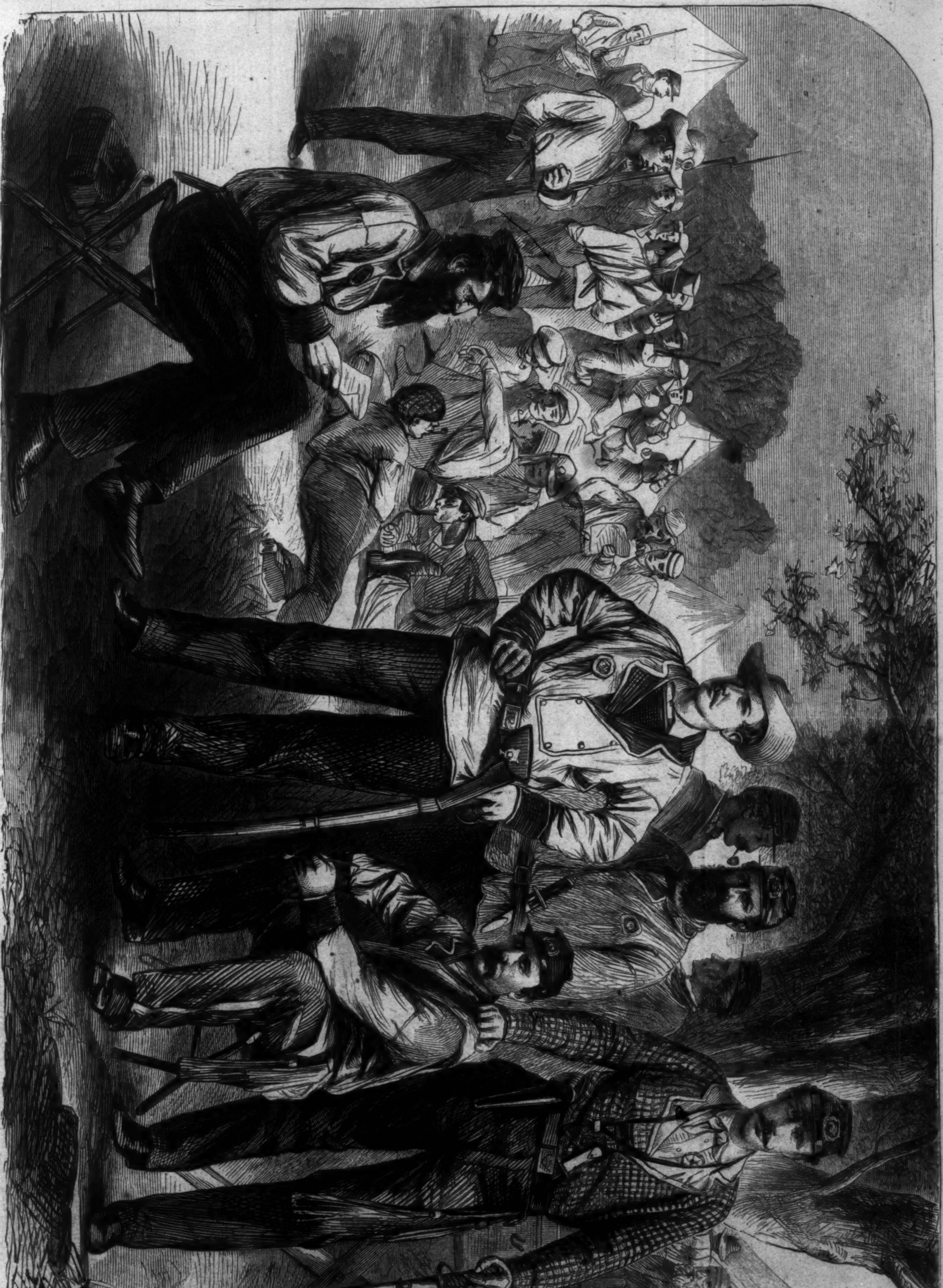
"Strong in my conscience as an Italian soldier and citizen, I will not descend to justify myself against these accusations, as by so doing I should fail in respect to the King and the army. I know nothing of the orders said to have been given by me to Colonel Tripola. I gave orders that the Italian soldiers of the Northern Army should be received as brothers, although I knew that that army had come to put down the revolution, which, according to the words addressed by Signor Farini to Napoleon III., was personified in me.

"I believe in my quality of deputy. I have stated to the Chamber a few of the wrongs which the Southern army has sustained at the hands of the Ministry. I believe I had the right to do so. The Italian army will find in its ranks one soldier more when it has to fight against the enemy of Italy. You are well aware of this. All that others may have said of me is a calumny. It is not true that, when on the Volturno, we were in a bad condition. As far as I know, the army has applauded the free and moderate words of the soldiers' deputy, to whom the Italian honor has been an object of worship all his life.

"If any one is offended at me for speaking in my own name only, I wait calmly for satisfaction to be demanded for my words. I desire the establishment of a National Monarchy."

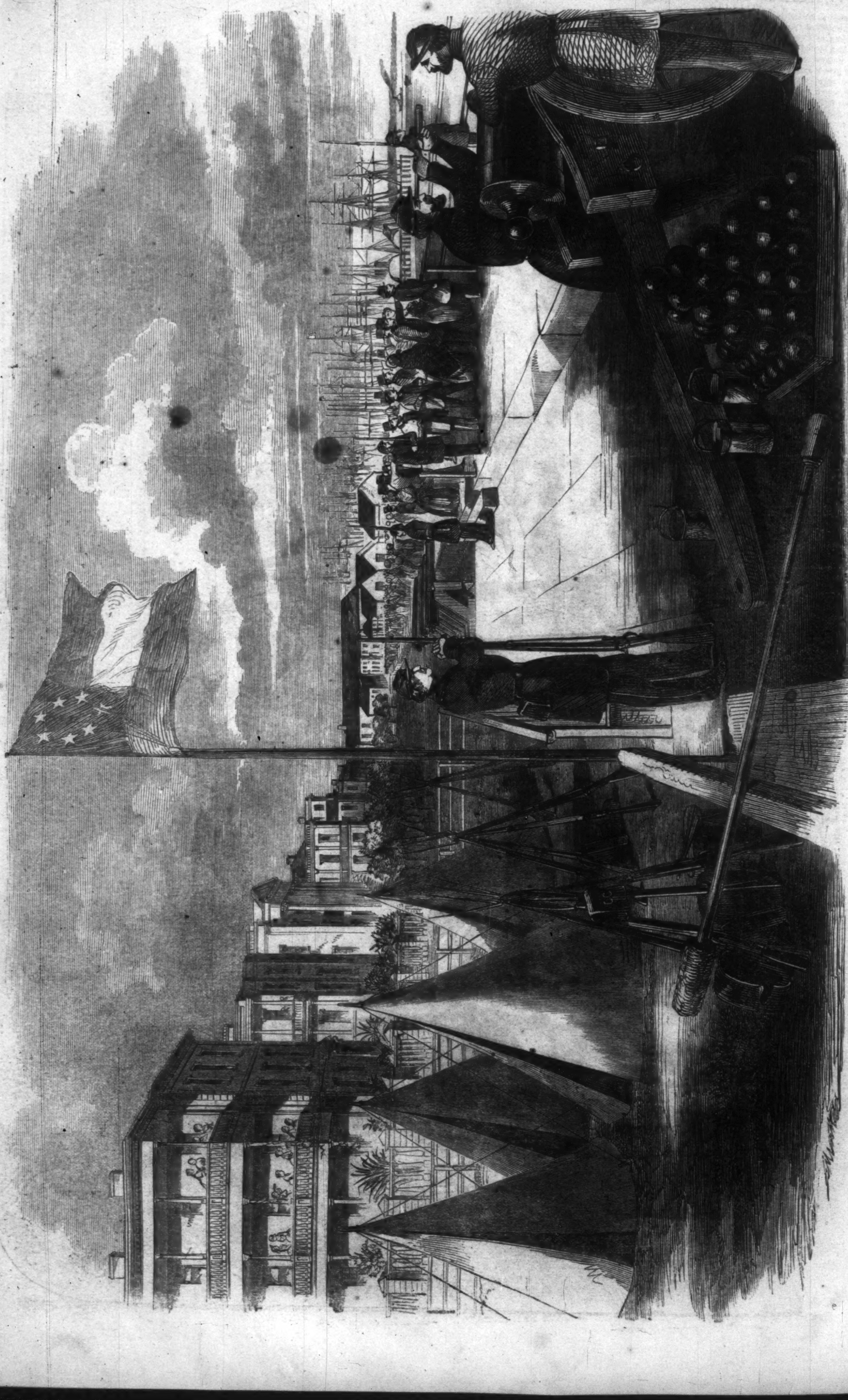


COLONEL ELLSWORTH'S NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES.—[SEE PAGE 311.]



Quartermaster Bradley. Lieutenant-Colonel Creighton. Adjutant James J. Heavey. Paymaster Peter Duffy. Col. William Wilson. Surgeon D. C. Pease. Major William Newby.

COLONEL WILLIAM WILSON AND HIS STAFF (WILSON'S FIGHTING BRIGADE.)—[See Page 311.]



THE BATTERY OR PARK PROMENADE AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See next Page.]

OUR CHARLESTON PICTURES.

We publish herewith a view of the Battery at Charleston during the Bombardment of Sumter, and a picture of the famous Rifled Gun which is said to have done so much injury to Fort Sumter on that occasion. On page 305 we also give a picture of the "Lady Davis," the first regular man-of-war of the Southern Confederacy. She is a little steamer, armed with two boat howitzers, and does not look as though she would capture the *Brooklyn* or the *Niagara*. All these pictures are from sketches sent us from Charleston by our special artist, now traveling with Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*. Of the scene on the Battery, the *Herald* Charleston correspondent wrote:

"In one of the windows Governor Pickens, a portion of his council and staff, maintained their position during the day, availing themselves of a very powerful telescope, which carried them, as it were, into the very midst of the fight. General Beauregard, the Commander-in-chief, remained at his head-quarters in the city."

The rifled cannon was sent from Europe by a South Carolinian now residing there. It bears the inscription: "Presented to the Sovereign State of South Carolina by one of her sons residing abroad, in commemoration of 20th December, 1860." This was the gun a ball from which knocked down the flag-staff at Fort Sumter. It was then at the iron battery; now it is on Morris Island, and commands the ship-channel. In the fore-ground will be seen a couple of the balls. The point is of iron, but the base a softer metal, which expands and fills the grooves in the piece when discharged. General Beauregard has seen the sketch from which our picture is made, and pronounces it extremely accurate.

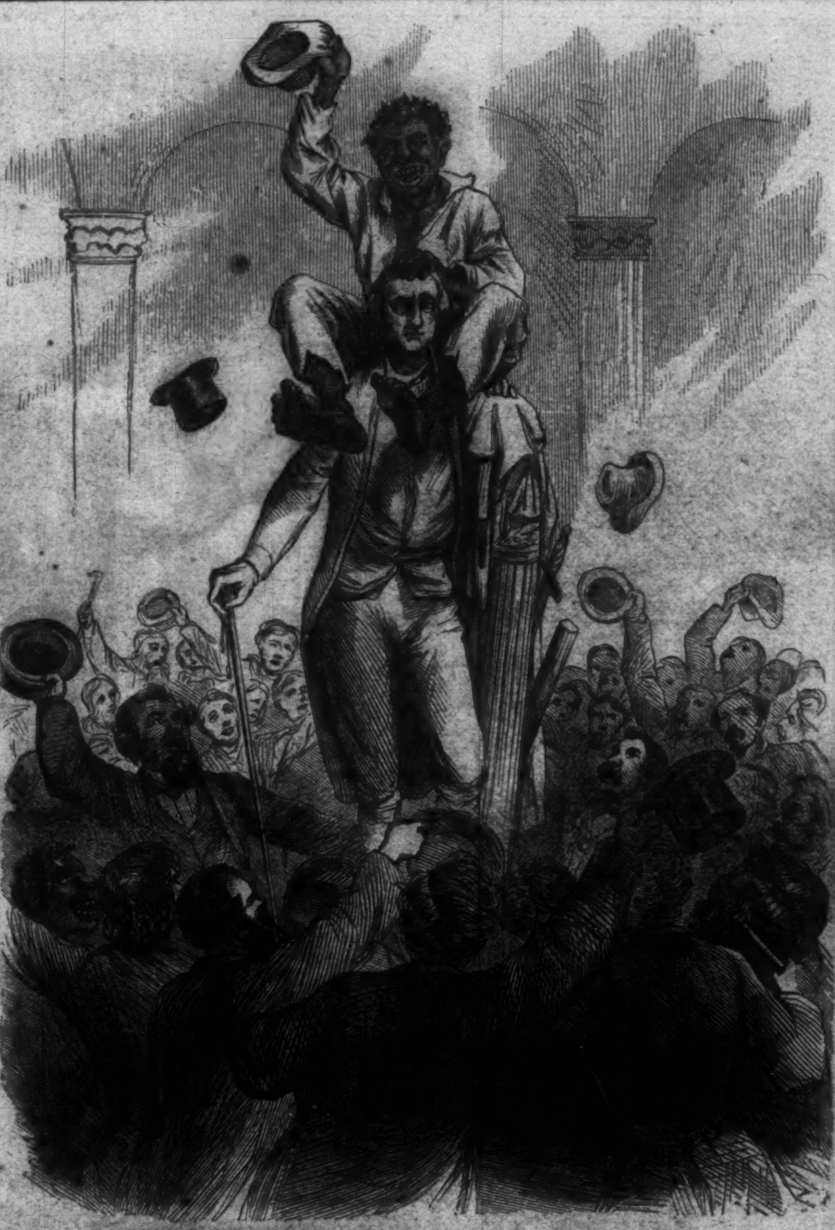
DESECRATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We illustrate herewith a singular occurrence which is said to have taken place at Richmond, Virginia, on the passage of the Secession Ordinance. A telegram to the New York *Times* states that the people celebrated the passage of the ordinance by placing a negro astride of the celebrated statue of Washington, by Hondon, which stands in the capitol at Richmond. Richmond, it will be remembered, is the only place in the United States where the Prince of Wales was treated with discourtesy.

ELLSWORTH'S FIRE ZOUAVES.

On page 308 we publish a picture of the uniforms of Col. Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves, now stationed in Washington. This gallant regiment has been entirely recruited from the ranks of the New York firemen; it is officered by Colonel Ellsworth of Chicago, whose portrait we gave last week. They are armed with Sharpe's rifles, and bowie-knives which may be used as bayonets at the end of the rifles; many of them carry revolvers besides. When they left New York, they were presented with a stand of colors by the Fire Department, on whose behalf Mr. Wickham thus addressed them:

"Colonel Ellsworth,—The Board of Representatives of the New York Fire Department of this city have caused to be prepared this stand of colors to present to your regiment, composed of the firemen of New York and our associates. As President of the Fire Department, I now perform that duty. Take them, place them in the midst of your gallant band, and wherever the fight is the thickest and the bullets fly the fastest let these banners be borne, and may you and your comrades, in the hour of trial and battle, remember the proud motto emblazoned upon them: 'The Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave.'



DESECRATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

"Let this be your war-cry as you rush to the onset. Let it nerve your arms and fire your ranks. Wave it in triumph only; and do you bring it back, Sir, though it be tattered and torn in the fight.

"Old associates, remember, on every battle-field and in every trial, that the thousands here around you have placed in your hands a mighty charge. Go forth from this hour, and swear by that flag to live, for that flag to die."

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Jun., also presented a stand of colors, with the following letter:

"Colonel Ellsworth: Sir,—I have the honor of presenting the accompanying colors to the First Regiment New York Zouaves. In delivering the ensign of our nation into the charge of the brave men under your command, I am happy in the confidence that I intrust it to men whose hands are moved by a generous patriotism to defend it, and whose hearts feel now more deeply than they have ever done that the honor of their country's flag is sacred and precious to them as their own.

"Accustomed as we are to think of them in the discharge of their ordinary duties with grateful sympathy and a well-founded pride, these feelings grow stronger the solemn moment when they are going from us to engage in a new and still more perilous service. I pray, Sir, that Heaven's gracious protection may be over you and over these, to preserve and bring you back in safety those whose hearts will follow you each day with prayer, and with a hopeful expectation of being gladdened through your success.

"Believe me yours, with much respect and true regard,

Augusta Astor."

Colonel Ellsworth made a suitable reply.

WILSON'S FIGHTING MEN.

On page 309 will be found a group of Wilson's Fighting Zouaves. We gave a portrait and sketch of Colonel Wilson in our last number. This regiment has been recruited from the roughs and b'hoys of New York city. Their uniform is a gray shirt, gray pants, brown felt hat, belt, and brogans: their arms are the Minié rifle, a bowie-knife, and in many cases a revolver. The *Herald* thus described the ceremony of swearing them in:

"All the men b[illegible] ranged against the walls, Colonel Wilson, with a [illegible] sabre in one hand and the American flag in the [illegible], stood forth uncovered, and addressed his men amidst deafening cheers.

"After a short [illegible] to the flag, for which he declared his devotion, he called upon all to kneel and swear with him. Waving the banner and flourishing his sabre, he knelt on one knee. All present knelt with him and repeated the oath which he put to them to support the flag, and never flinch from its path through blood or death. He said he would lead them to Baltimore, and they would march through it or die; at which they all arose with a tremendous yell, flung up their hats and brandished their glittering knives amidst prolonged and frantic cheers. He then denounced death to the Baltimore traitor secessionists and Plug Uglies, and said they would leave a monument of their bones in the streets of Baltimore. Amidst yells of 'Death to the Plug Uglies,' he illustrated with his sword how they should hew their way, and said though he should be the first man slain, he had but one thing to ask, which was that each of his followers should secure his man and avenge his blood. That they would do this, he again called upon them to swear, and marching around the hall, holding up the flag and the sword, and accompanied by two officers, the one on his right bearing a banner inscribed:

THE UNION BATTALION OF ZOUAVES.
DEATH TO SECESSIONISTS.

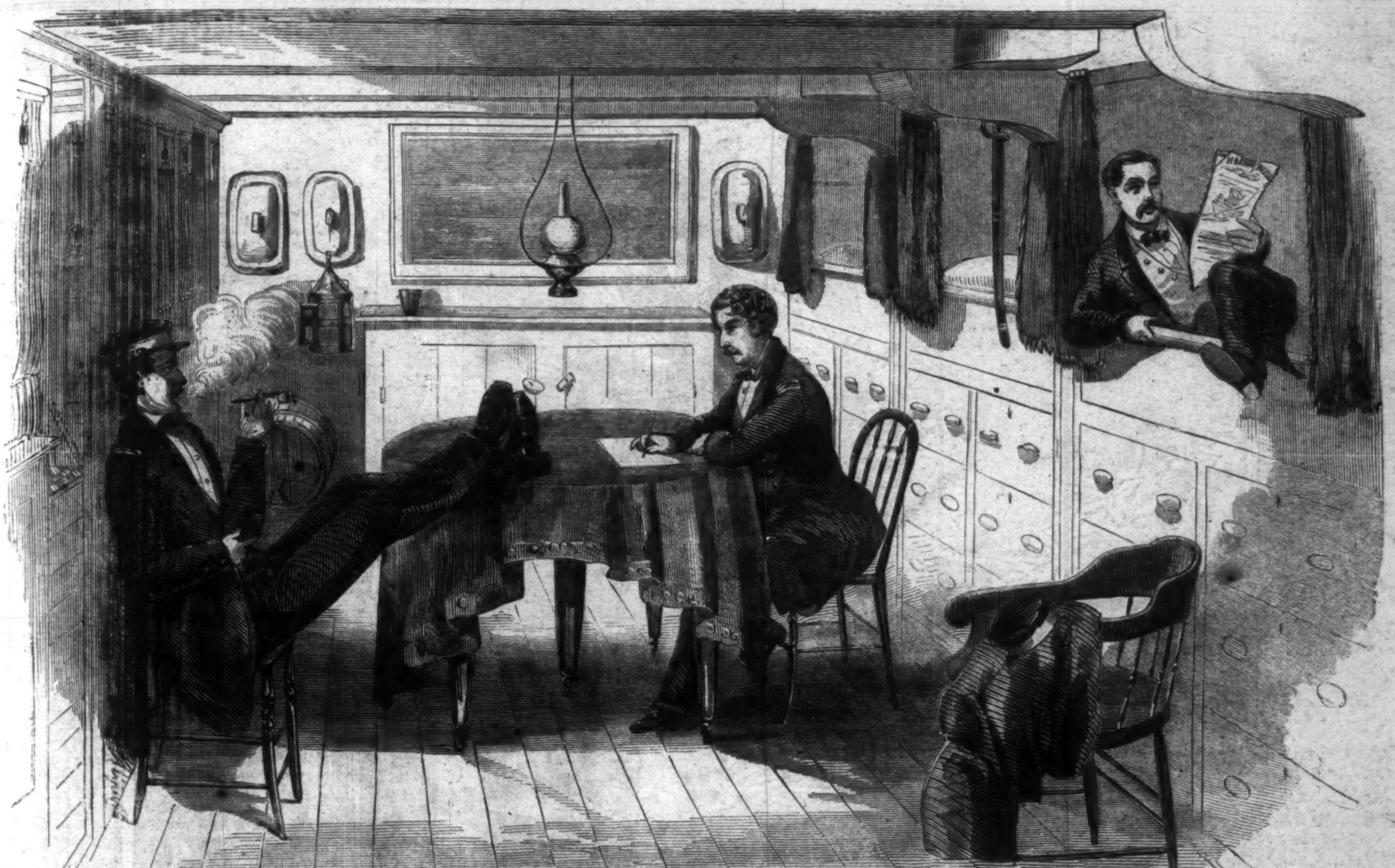
The other officer on his left holding up in both hands a bowie-knife and revolver, Wilson shouted to them to swear, and they responded with shouts of 'Blood!' 'blood!' 'blood!' 'We swear,' etc.

"The band then struck in with the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which they all sang in chorus, as well as also 'Dixies Land.'"

THE RIFLED CANNON WHICH DID SO MUCH EXECUTION ON FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[From a Sketch by our Special Artist.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS BY COMPANY A, FIRST ARTILLERY, ON SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13.—SKETCHED BY AN ENGINEER OFFICER OF THE "BROOKLYN."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE APARTMENT ON THE BERTH DECK OF THE "BROOKLYN" IN WHICH OUR ARTIST RESIDES.

THE REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS.

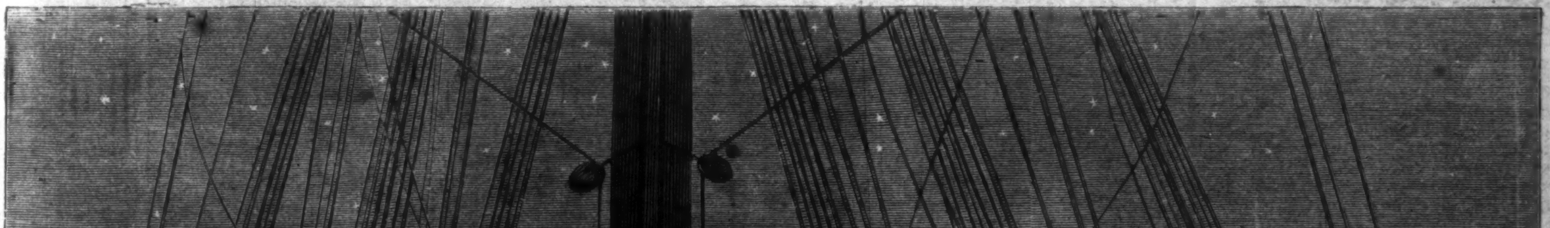
WE publish herewith, from sketches by an Engineer officer of the United States sloop of war *Brooklyn*, a view of the REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS, of the GUN-DECK OF THE "BROOKLYN," and of THE OFFICERS' WARD-ROOM ON BOARD THAT SHIP. The author of the sketches thus writes us concerning them:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

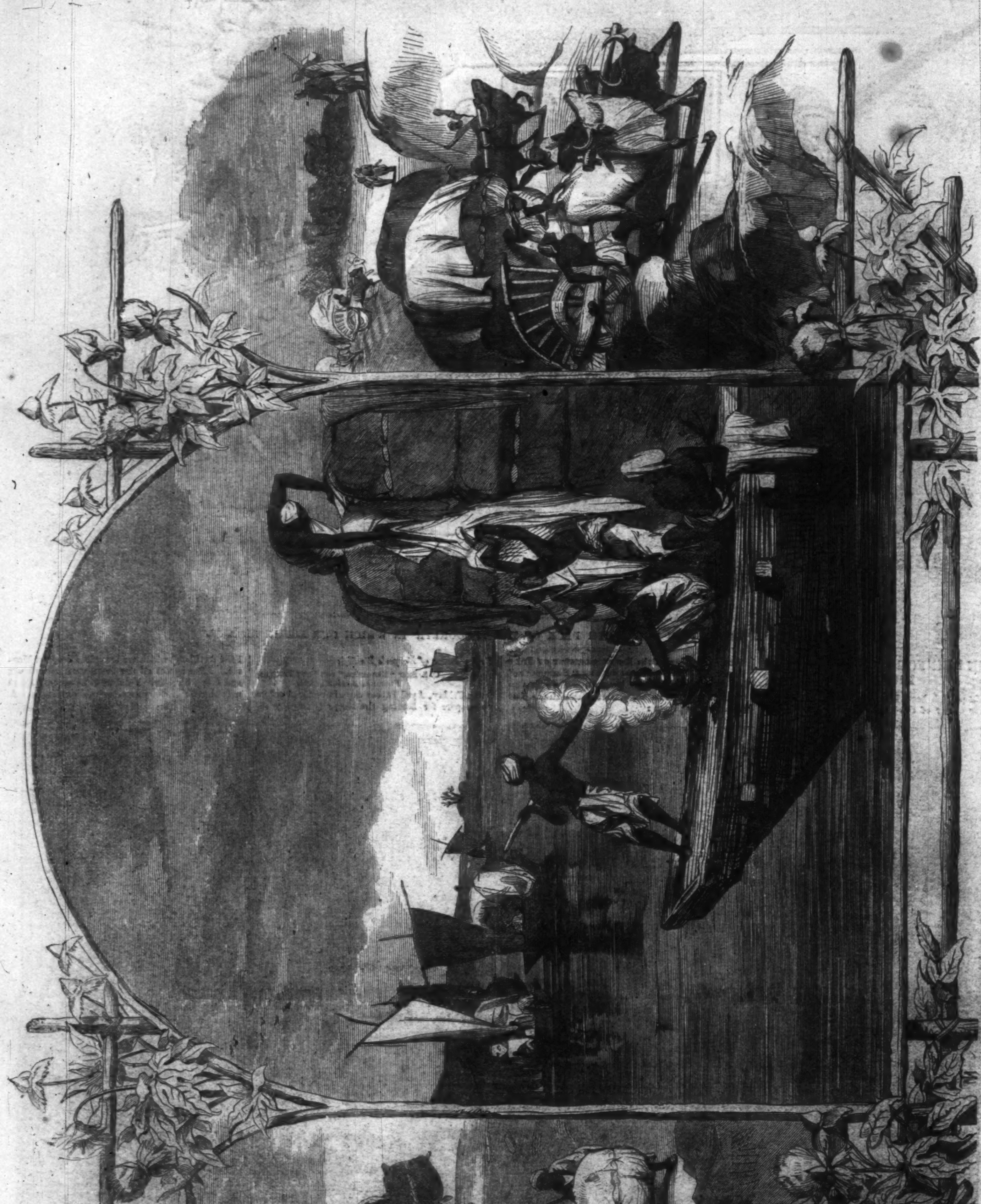
U. S. SHIP "BROOKLYN," OFF FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA, *April* 22, 1861.

On Friday, April 12, our captain received orders to prepare for landing the troops (Company A, First Artillery) which we brought from Fort Monroe. After sunset all the boats were hoisted out and dropped astern. Volunteers were called for to man them, and every man in the ship volunteered.

[*Continued on Page* 316.]



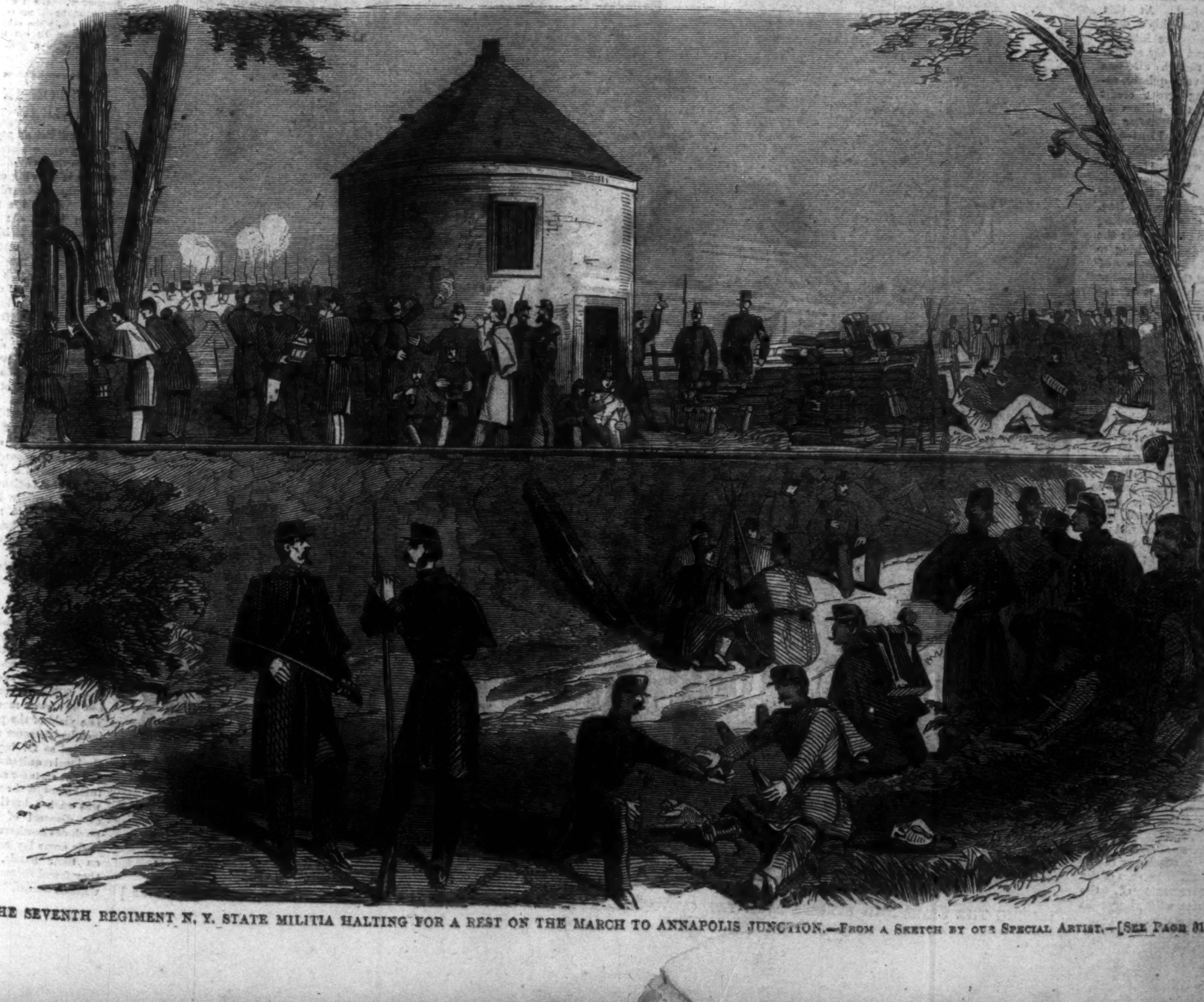
DISEMBARKING THE TROOPS FROM THE U. S. SHIP "BROOKLYN" TO REINFORCE FORT PICKENS, APRIL 13, 1861.—[SKETCHED BY AN ENGINEER OFFICER ON BOARD.]



METHODS OF CONVEYING COTTON IN INDIA TO THE PORTS OF SHIPMENT.—[SEE PAGE 316.]

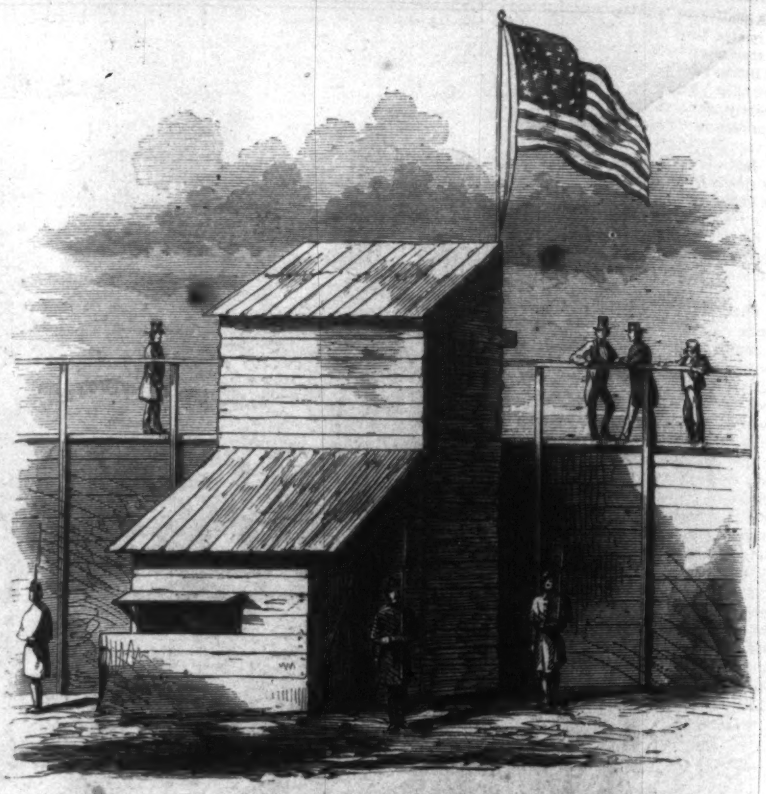
THE VIRGINIAN OF 1776.

THE VIRGINIAN OF 1861.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. STATE MILITIA HALTING FOR A REST ON THE MARCH TO ANNAPOLIS JUNCTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 317.]

QUARTERS OF COMPANIES A AND D, SECOND OHIO INFANTRY, AT CAMP DENNISON, NEAR LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN GEORGE M. FINCH.]



HEAD-QUARTERS OF COLONEL A. M'COOK, OF THE FIRST OHIO INFANTRY, AT CAMP DENNISON, NEAR LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN GEORGE M. FINCH.]

After selecting the crews, they were armed to the teeth for covering the landing of the troops. As the enemy threatened to prevent the landing, having stationed coast-guards along shore for that purpose, it was necessary to send a considerable force; so the *Sabine* and *St. Louis'* boats were sent to assist our men. After the moon had set all deck lights were extinguished, to prevent the enemy discovering our movements. Strange to say, the light-house on shore, whose powerful light would make the position of our ships visible, was put out about the same time. Between ten and eleven o'clock the ship got under way, creeping slowly toward the shore and sounding all the way, anchoring in seven fathoms of water, which indicated close proximity to the shore. The boats were then got alongside, and the men disembarked. At this time the ship's deck presented an interesting and lively spectacle, though all was done very quietly, reflecting great credit upon the officers in command. After all was ready, Lieutenant Albert N. Smith, who had command of the boat expedition, shoved off, and the other boats followed in line. He intended landing on the beach near the ship and marching to the fort—a distance of about three miles—but finding the surf too heavy, he determined to pull into the harbor and land in front of Pickens. He was successful; the doors of the fort were opened, and the troops entered. In the mean while the *Wyandotte* carried all the *Sabine's* marines and put them on the *Brooklyn*, which, together with the *Brooklyn's* marines, were to go also. The boats made a second trip, being successful in getting the marines into the fort; but day broke before the boats got out of the harbor, making the sleepy sentinels on M'Rea and Barrancas rub their eyes in astonishment, not daring to molest the returning party.

The sketch representing the disembarkation gives a correct view of the *Brooklyn's* gun-deck and battery of nine-inch Dahlgren shell-guns.

☞ WE shall be glad to hear again from our correspondent, and from other officers of the United States fleet now in the Gulf. Sketches of the movements of the ships will always be acceptable.

LANDING THE RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY AT WASHINGTON.

ON page 305 we give a picture—from a sketch by our special artist—of the landing of the Rhode Island Battery at the Washington Arsenal, from the *Bienville*, on Thursday, April 25. This is one of the finest batteries in the service. On seeing it, the President could not help observing that it was "the prettiest battery he had ever seen." A newspaper correspondent thus sketches their being sworn in:

"The Rhode Island regiment was sworn in in the east Capitol garden, by Major M'Dowell. The men were inspected by companies, and then formed in a hollow square, the American and Revolutionary flags were brought to the centre, and then, holding up their right hands, the twelve hundred men repeated the oath after General Thomas, a magistrate of the district. The scene was very imposing, and the setting sun, lighting up the front of the Capitol, strongly relieving the statues against the green-sward, and glancing from bayonets, made the *tout ensemble* most beautiful. Then, breaking into column, and wearing their red blankets as overcoats, the regiment marched back to quarters, Governor Sprague heading them on horseback."

HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES AT BALTIMORE.

WE illustrate this scene herewith, from a photograph by Mr. Weaver. The Associated Press dispatch thus describes it:

"At noon, on 1st May, the Star-spangled Banner was raised, with great demonstrations of enthusiasm, from the Post-office and Custom-house, by order of the newly appointed officials. A large crowd assembled in front of the Custom-house to witness the flag-raising. A new flag-staff was erected over the portico, and at precisely quarter to twelve Captain Frazier, a veteran sea-captain of Fells Point, who was assigned the honor, drew up the flag, which, as it spread to the breeze, was greeted with tremendous applause, waving of hats, cheers for the Union and the old flag. The crowd then joined in singing the 'Star-spangled Banner.'

"After the crowd had left the Custom-house to-day a man named George Lemmon, in the uniform of the Maryland Guard, deliberately cut down the American flag, which fell into the arms of a by-stander. He was immediately arrested by a Deputy Sheriff, and with some difficulty saved from the wrath of the few Union men present, and conveyed to the police station, where he awaits examination. The Guard, it is said, will expel the offender.

"Lemmon was taken before the United States Marshal, and held in $500 security for examination to-morrow. His friends claim that he did not commit the act, while others are positive he cut the halyards with a pocket-knife."

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT BALTIMORE, ON MAY 1.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. WEAVER.]

COTTON IN INDIA.

WE publish on page 314 a graphic picture representing the difficulties of moving cotton to the sea-board in India. Since the rebellion broke out at the South the British consumers of cotton have been moving heaven and earth to obtain a supply of cotton from elsewhere, and especially from India, which already produces a good deal of cotton. The great difficulty in India is in the moving cotton to the ports.

An Indian road is a curious thing. Suppose the dry bed of a considerable mountain torrent placed a little nearer the horizontal than it usually lies, and perhaps it may supply some tolerable notion of the state of an Indian road. A writer on India, speaking of the province of Candeish, says: "In the year 1847 the collector of the district was compelled to grant the cultivators remissions of the land-tax, not from any successive failure of crops, but the very reverse. The yield of the province had become augmented so far beyond the local requirements, and the state (or rather total want) of the roads was such a barrier to the disposal of their produce elsewhere that their crops lay useless on their hands, and they found themselves without means."

A gentleman, who was an eye-witness to the facts he relates, thus refers to the perils of cotton bales on their pilgrimage from the plantation to the nearest Indian port. This port may probably be distant 1000 miles; and if the owner of the cotton live sufficiently near to some river station on the Ganges, after getting through the difficulties of the transit on such Indian roads as we have described, he may at length find his cotton produce on the banks of the river. Are his difficulties then at an end by his finding at this point a safe and ready conveyance for his property to Calcutta? Not at all. If he aims at embarking it on a river steamer he may find that the few that exist are all booked for many months to come; or, if such should not be the case, the cost demanded for carriage is so heavy as would at once destroy all hope of profit from his goods. In this state of things his *dernier ressort* is a country boat, which is a rickety conveyance under the most favorable circumstances, but becomes alarming to contemplate with his cotton bales piled upon it. There is no help or choice left, however, so the boat is dispatched; but when it will arrive at its destination, or in what state its cargo will be delivered, are events that lie shrouded in the most absolute uncertainty. If it happen to be the hot season the crazy craft will most likely lie on some sandbank for weeks together; if, on the other hand, through delay it should be overtaken by the rains, it is 1000 to 1 but that the top-heavy vessel will be capsized in a squall, and the luckless freight, if not totally lost, will almost to a certainty be irremediably ruined. Nor is the sum of its mischances yet at an end, for the probability is that, even on the most favorable voyage, the inflammable cargo will be set on fire on an average every alternate day, from the boatmen cooking their meals, each man using his separate charcoal-pan.

THE LONG BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC.

WE publish herewith, from a picture by our special artist, a view of the LONG BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON, over which the road to Alexandria passes. A writer for the *Herald* says:

"At the extremity of the bridge a company of soldiers is stationed, and, for form's sake, sentinels parade to and fro. The passage across the bridge is, however, unobstructed during day, and wagons are constantly passing and repassing. The bridge is one mile long, is not covered, and about a quarter of a mile of the central part is built of masonry, with low parapets, and resembles a country road. The rest of the bridge is wood. It is about the width of three carriages, and has two draws, one on the Washington and one on the Virginia side. These are almost constantly open for the passage of small armed propellers, with which the Potomac swarms.

"A company of flying artillery is stationed on the bridge every night, near the Virginia shore, with the draw raised in front of them. At the Virginia terminus is a small hotel, where Colonel Lee's picket-guard was recently quartered. It is now almost deserted."

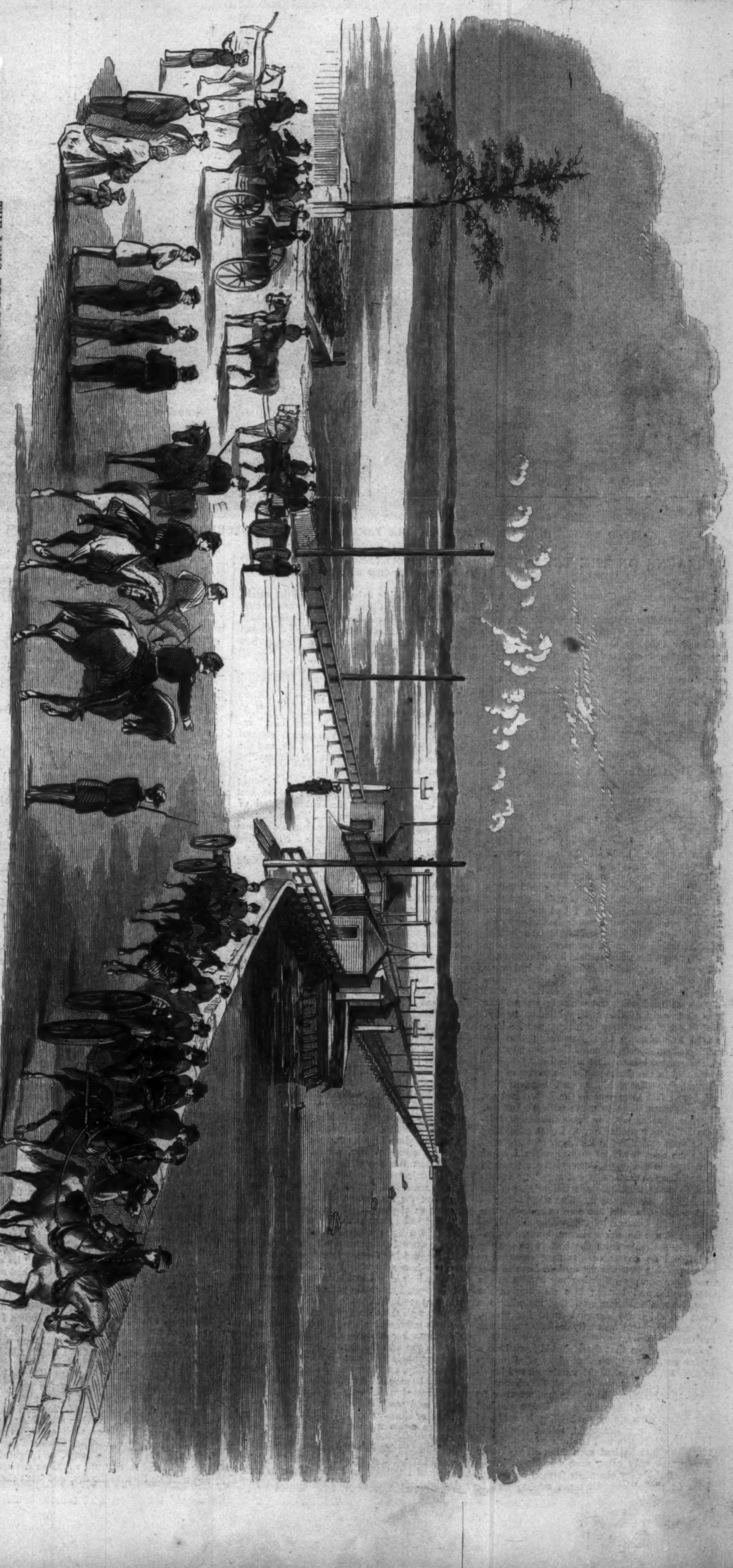
THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTH TO ANNAPOLIS.

ON page 315 we give a picture, from a sketch by our special artist, of the SEVENTH REGIMENT HALTING FOR A REST ON THE MARCH TO ANNAPOLIS JUNCTION. Our artist accompanied them on the march. Its fatigues and its perils are well described in the following extract from a letter from one of the members to the New York *Times*:

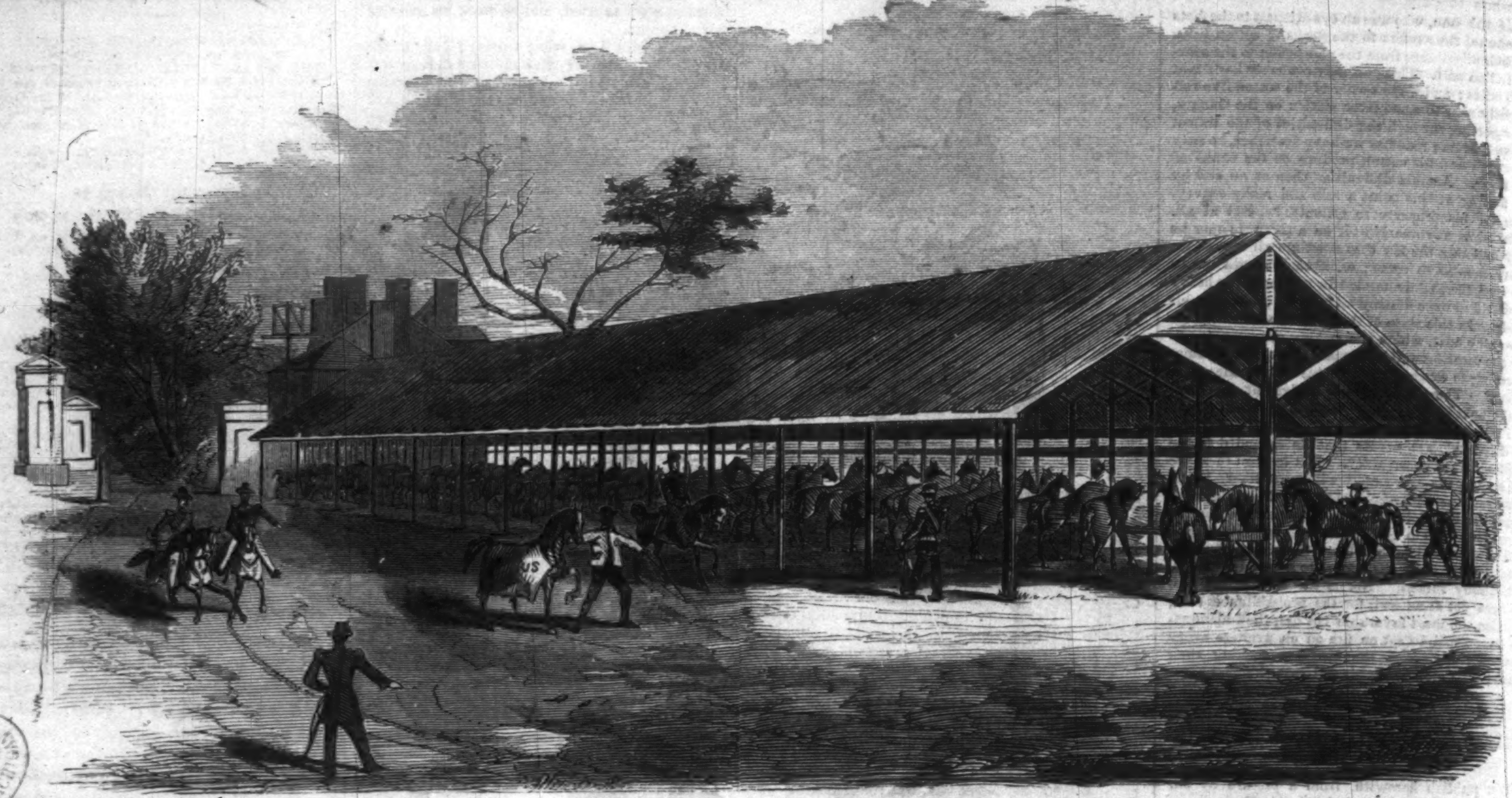
"General Scott has stated, as I have been informed, that the march that we performed from Annapolis to the Junction is one of the most remarkable on record. I know that I felt it the most fatiguing, and some of our officers have told me that it was the most perilous. We marched the first eight miles under a burning sun, in heavy marching order, in less than three hours; and it is well known that, placing all elementary considerations out of the way, marching on a railroad track is the most harassing. We started at about 8 o'clock A.M., and for the first time saw the town of Annapolis, which, without any disrespect to that place, I may say looked very much as if some celestial school-boy, with a box of toys under his arm, had dropped a few houses and men as he was going home from school, and that the accidental settlement was called Annapolis. Through the town we marched, the people unsympathizing, but afraid. They saw the Seventh for the first time, and for the first time they realized the men that they had threatened.

"The tracks had been torn up between Annapolis and the Junction, and here it was that the wonderful qualities of the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment came out. The locomotive had been taken to pieces by the inhabitants, in order to prevent our travel. In steps a Massachusetts volunteer, looks at the piecemeal engine, takes up a flange, and says, coolly, 'I made this engine, and I can put it together again.' Engineers were wanted when the engine was ready. Nineteen stepped out of the ranks. The rails were torn up. Practical railroad makers out of the Regiment laid them again, and all this, mind you, without care or food. These brave boys, I say, were starving while they were doing all this good work. What their Colonel was doing I can't say. As we marched along the track that they had laid they greeted us with ranks of smiling but hungry faces. One boy told me, with a laugh on his young lips, that he had not ate any thing for thirty hours. There was not, thank God, a haversack in our Regiment that was not emptied into the hands of these ill-treated heroes, nor a flask that was not at their disposal. I am glad to pay them tribute here, and mentally doff my cap.

"Our march lay through an arid, sandy, tobacco-growing country. The sun poured on our heads like hot lava. The Sixth and Second companies were sent on for skirmishing duty, under the command of Captains Clarke and Nevers, the latter commanding as senior officer. A car, on which was placed a howitzer loaded with grape and canister, headed the column, manned by the engineer and artillery corps, commanded by Lieutenant Bunting. This was the rallying point of the skirmishing party, on which, in case of difficulty, they could fall back. In the centre of the column came the cars laden with medical stores, and bearing our sick and wounded, while the extreme rear was brought up with a second howitzer, loaded also with grape and canister. The engineer corps, of course, had to do the forwarding work. New York dandies, Sir!—but they built bridges, laid rails, and headed the regiment through that terrible march. After marching about eight miles, during which time several men caved in from exhaustion, and one young gentleman was sun-struck and sent back to New York, we halted, and instantly, with the Divine instinct which characterizes the hungry soldier, proceeded to forage. The worst of it was, there was no foraging to be done. The only house within reach was inhabited by a lethargic person, who, like most Southern men, had no idea of gaining money by labor. We offered him extravagant prices to get us fresh water, and it was with the utmost reluctance we could get him to obtain us a few pailfuls. Over the mantle-piece of his miserable shanty I saw—a curious coincidence—the portrait of Colonel Duryea of our regiment."



THE LONG BRIDGE LEADING ACROSS THE POTOMAC FROM WASHINGTON TO VIRGINIA, GUARDED BY UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



UNITED STATES HORSE BARRACKS ON THE TREASURY BUILDING GROUNDS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICH.

BARRACKS ON THE TREASURY GROUNDS.

THE accompanying picture, from a sketch by our special artist in Washington, shows what straits the soldiers are put to in Washington for want of room. A large body of dragoons are quartered under a shed on the Treasury Grounds—not very comfortable quarters, for a garrison town, in such weather as last Monday. They seem, however, from all accounts, to bear these petty privations cheerfully; at latest dates men and horses were well.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IT was fortunate for me that I had to take precautions to insure (so far as I could) the safety of my dreaded visitor, for this thought pressing on me when I awoke held other thoughts in a confused concourse at a distance.

The impossibility of keeping him concealed in the chambers was self-evident. It could not be done, and the attempt to do it would inevitably engender suspicion. True, I had no Avenger in my service now, but I was looked after by an inflammatory old female, assisted by an animated rag-bag whom she called her niece, and to keep a room secret from them would be to invite curiosity and exaggeration. They both had weak eyes, which I had long attributed to their chronically looking in at keyholes, and they were always at hand when not wanted; indeed that was their only reliable quality besides larceny. Not to get up a mystery with these people, I resolved to announce in the morning that my uncle had unexpectedly come from the country.

This course I decided on while I was yet groping about in the darkness for the means of getting a light. Not stumbling on the means after all, I was fain to go out to the Lodge and get the watchman there to come with his lantern. Now, in groping my way down the black staircase I fell over something, and that something was a man crouching in a corner.

As the man made no answer when I asked him what he did there, but eluded my touch in silence, I ran to the Lodge and urged the watchman to come back quickly: telling him of the incident on the way back. The wind being as fierce as ever, we did not care to endanger the light in the lantern by rekindling the extinguished lamps on the staircase, but we examined the staircase from the bottom to the top and found no one there. It then occurred to me as possible that the man might have slipped into my rooms; so, lighting my candle at the watchman's, and leaving him standing at the door, I examined them carefully, including the room in which my dreaded guest lay asleep. All was quiet, and assuredly no other man was in those chambers.

It troubled me that there should have been a lurker on the stairs, on that night of all nights in the year, and I asked the watchman as I handed him a dram at the door, on the chance of eliciting some hopeful explanation, whether he had admitted at his gate any gentlemen who had perceptibly been dining out? Yes, he said; at different times of the night, three. One lived in Fountain Court, and the other two lived in the Lane, and he had seen them all go home. Again, the only other man who dwelt in the house of which my chambers formed a part had been in the country for some weeks; and he certainly had not returned in the night, because we had seen his door with his seal on it as we came up stairs.

"The night being so bad, Sir," said the watchman, as he gave me back my glass, "uncommon few have come in at my gate. Besides them three gentlemen that I have named, I don't call to mind another since about eleven o'clock, when a stranger asked for you."

"My uncle," I muttered. "Yes."

"You saw him, Sir?"

"Yes. Oh yes."

"Likewise the person with him?"

"Person with him!" I repeated.

"I judged the person to be with him," returned the watchman. "The person stopped when he stopped to make inquiry of me, and the person took this way when he took this way."

"What sort of person?"

The watchman had not particularly noticed; he should say a working person; to the best of his belief he had a dust-colored kind of clothes on, under a dark coat. The watchman made more light of the matter than I did, and naturally—not having my reason for attaching weight to it.

When I had got rid of him, which I thought it well to do without prolonging explanations, my mind was much troubled by these two circumstances taken together. Whereas they were easy of innocent solution apart—as, for instance, some diner-out or diner-at-home, who had not gone near this watchman's gate, might have strayed to my staircase and dropped asleep there—and my nameless visitor might have brought some one with him to show him the way—still, joined, they had an ugly look to one as prone to distrust and fear as the changes of a few hours had made me.

I lighted my fire, which burned with a raw pale look at that dead time of the morning, and fell into a doze before it. I seemed to have been dozing a whole night when the clocks struck six. As there was full an hour and a half between me and daylight, I dozed again; now, waking up uneasily, with prolix conversations about nothing still in my ears; now, making thunder of the wind in the chimney; at length falling off into a profound sleep from which the daylight woke me with a start.

All this time I had never been able to consider my own situation, nor could I do so yet. I had not the power to attend to it. I was greatly dejected and distressed, but in an incoherent wholesale sort of way. As to forming any plan for the future, I could as soon have formed an elephant. When I opened the shutters and looked out at the wet wild morning, all of a leaden hue; when I walked from room to room; when I sat down again shivering, before the fire, waiting for my laundress to appear; I thought how miserable I was, but hardly knew why, or how long I had been so, or on what day of the week I made the reflection, or even who I was that made it.

At length the old woman and the niece came in—the latter with a head not easily distinguishable from her broom—and testified surprise at sight of me and the fire. To whom I imparted how my uncle had come in the night and was then asleep, and how the breakfast preparations were to be modified accordingly. Then I washed and dressed while they knocked the furniture about and made a dust, and so, in a sort of dream or sleep-waking, found myself sitting by the fire again waiting for—Him—to come to breakfast.

By-and-by his door opened and he came out. I could not bring myself to bear the sight of him, and I thought he had a villainous look by daylight.

"I do not even know," said I, speaking low as he took his seat at the table, "by what name to call you. I have given out that you are my uncle."

"That's it, dear boy! Call me uncle."

"You assumed some name, I suppose, on board ship?"

"Yes, dear boy. I took the name of Provis."

"Do you mean to keep that name?"

"Why, yes, dear boy, it's as good as another—unless you'd like another."

"What is your own name?" I asked him in a whisper.

"Magwitch," he answered, in the same tone; "chris'en'd Abel."

"What were you brought up to be?"

"A warmint, dear boy."

He answered quite seriously, and used the word as if it denoted some profession.

"When you came into the Temple last night—" said I, pausing to wonder whether that could really have been last night which seemed so long ago.

"Yes, dear boy?"

"When you came in at the gate and asked the watchman the way here, had you any one with you?"

"With me? No, dear boy."

"But there was some one there?"

"I didn't take particular notice," he said, dubiously, "not knowing the ways of the place. But I think there *was* a person, too, come in alonger me."

"Are you known in London?"

"I hope not!" said he, giving his neck a jerk with his forefinger that made me turn hot and sick.

"Were you known in London, once?"

"Not over and above, dear boy. I was in the provinces mostly."

"Were you—tried—in London?"

"Which time?" said he, with a sharp look.

"The last time."

He nodded. "First knowed Mr. Jaggers that way. Jaggers was for me."

It was on my lips to ask him what he was tried for, but he took up a knife, gave it a flourish, and with the words, "And whatever I done is worked out and paid for!" fell to at his breakfast.

He ate in a ravenous way that was very disagreeable, and all his actions were uncouth, noisy, and greedy. Some of his teeth had failed him since I saw him eat on the marshes, and as he turned his food in his mouth, and turned his head sideways to bring his strongest fangs to bear upon it, he looked terribly like a hungry old dog. If I had begun with any appetite he would have taken it away, and I should have sat much as I did—repelled from him by an insurmountable aversion, and gloomily looking at the cloth.

"I'm a heavy grubber, dear boy," he said, as a polite kind of apology when he had made an end of his meal, "but I always was. If it had been in my constitution to be a lighter grubber, I might ha' got into lighter trouble. Similarly, I must have my smoke. When I was first hired out as shepherd t'other side the world, it's my belief I should ha' turned into a molloncolly-mad sheep myself, if I hadn't a had my smoke."

As he said so, he got up from table, and putting his hand into the breast of the pea-coat he wore, brought out a short black pipe, and a handful of loose tobacco of the kind that is called Negro-head. Having filled his pipe, he put the surplus tobacco back again, as if his pocket were a drawer. Then he took a live coal from the fire with the tongs, and lighted his pipe at it, and then turned round on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, and went through his favorite action of holding out both his hands for mine.

"And this," said he, dandling my hands up and down in his, as he puffed at his pipe—"and this is the gentleman wot I made! The real genuine One! It does me good fur to look at you, Pip. All I stip'late is to stand by and look at you, dear boy!"

I released my hands as soon as I could, and found that I was beginning slowly to settle down to the contemplation of my condition. What I was chained to, and how heavily, became intelligible to me, as I heard his hoarse voice, and sat looking up at his furrowed bald head with its iron-gray hair at the sides.

"I mustn't see my gentleman a footing it in the mire of the streets; there mustn't be no mud on *his* boots. My gentleman must have horses, Pip! Horses to ride, and horses to drive, and horses for his servant to ride and drive as well. Shall colonists have their horses (and blood 'uns, if you please, good Lord!) and not my London gentleman? No, no. We'll show 'em another pair of shoes than that, Pip; won't us?"

He took out of his pocket a great thick pocket-book, bursting with papers, and tossed it on the table.

"There's something worth spending in that there book, dear boy. It's yourn. All I've got ain't mine; it's yourn. Don't you be afraid on it. There's more where that come from. I've come to the old country fur to see my gentleman spend his money *like* a gentleman. That'll be *my* pleasure. *My* pleasure 'ull be fur to see him do it. And blast you all!" he wound up, looking round the cornice of the room and snapping his fingers once with a loud crack, "blast you every one, from the judge in his wig to the colonist a stirring up the dust, I'll show a better gentleman than the whole kit on you put together!"

"Stop!" said I, almost in a frenzy of fear and dislike, "I want to speak to you. I want to know what is to be done. I want to know how you are to be kept out of danger, how long you are going to stay, what projects you have."

"Look'ee here, Pip," said he, laying his hand on my arm in a suddenly altered and subdued manner; "first of all, look'ee here. I forgot myself half a minute ago. What I said was low; that's wot it was; low. Look'ee here, Pip. Look over it. I ain't a going to be low."

"First," I resumed, half groaning, "what precautions can be taken against your being recognized and seized?"

"No, dear boy," he said, in the same tone as before, "that don't go first. Lowness goes first. I ain't took so many year to make a gentleman not without knowing wot's due to him. Look'ee here, Pip. I was low; that's wot I was; low. Look over it, dear boy."

Some sense of the grimly-ludicrous moved me to a fretful laugh, as I replied, "I *have* looked over it. In Heaven's name, don't harp upon it!"

"Yes, but look'ee here," he persisted. "Dear boy, I ain't come so fur to be low. Now, go on, dear boy. You was a saying—"

"How are you to be guarded from the danger you have incurred?"

"Well, dear boy, the danger ain't so great. Without I was informed against, the danger ain't so much to signify. There's Jaggers, and there's Wemmick, and there's you. Who else is there to inform?"

"Is there no chance person who might identify you in the street?" said I, bitterly.

"Well," he returned, "there ain't many. Nor yet I don't intend to advertise myself in the papers by the name of A. M. come back from Botany Bay; and years have rolled away, and

who's to gain by it? Still, look'ee here, Pip. If the danger had been fifty times as great, I should ha' come to see you, mind you, just the same."

"And how long do you remain?"

"How long?" said he, taking his black pipe from his mouth, and dropping his jaw as he stared at me. "I'm not a going back. "I've come for good."

"Where are you to live?" said I. "What is to be done with you? Where will you be safe?"

"Dear boy," he returned, "there's disguising wigs can be bought for money, and there's hair-powder, and spectacles, and black clothes—shorts, and wot not. Others has done it safe afore, and wot others has done afore others can do agen. As to the where and how of living, dear boy, give me your own opinions on it."

"You take it smoothly now," said I, "but you were very serious last night when you swore it was Death."

"And so I swear it is Death," said he, putting his pipe back in his mouth, "and Death by the rope, in the open street not far from this, and it's serious that you should fully understand it to be so. Wot then, when that's once done? Here I am. To go back now 'ud be as bad as to stand ground—worse. Besides, Pip, I'm here, because I've meant it by you, years and years. As to wot I dare, I'm a old bird now, as has dared all manner of traps since first he was fledged, and I'm not afraid to perch upon a scare-crow. If there's Death hid inside of it, there is, and let him come out, and I'll face him, and then I'll believe in him and not afore. And now let me have a look at my gentleman agen."

Once more he took me by both hands and surveyed me with an air of admiring proprietorship: smoking with great complacency all the while.

It appeared to me that I could do no better than secure him some quiet lodging hard by, of which he might take possession when Herbert returned: whom I expected in two or three days. That the secret must be confided to Herbert as a matter of unavoidable necessity, even if I could have put the immense relief I should derive from sharing it with him out of the question, was plain to me. But it was by no means so plain to Mr. Provis (I resolved to call him by that name), who reserved his consent to Herbert's participation until he should have seen him and formed a favorable judgment of his physiognomy. "And even then, dear boy," said he, pulling a greasy little clasped black Testament out of his pocket, "we'll have him on his oath."

To state that my terrible patron carried this little black book about the world solely to swear people on in cases of emergency, would be to state what I never quite established—but this I can say, that I never knew him put it to any other use. The book itself had the appearance of having been stolen from some court of justice, and perhaps his knowledge of its antecedents combined with his own experience in that wise, gave him a reliance on its powers as a sort of legal spell or charm. On this first occasion of his producing it, I recalled how he had made me swear fidelity in the church-yard long ago, and how he had described himself last night as swearing to his resolutions in his solitude.

As he was at present dressed in a sea-faring slop suit, in which he looked as if he had a parrot or two and a few cigars to dispose of, I next discussed with him what dress he should wear. He cherished an extraordinary belief in the virtues of "shorts" as a disguise, and had in his own mind sketched a dress for himself that would have made him something between a dean and a dentist. It was with considerable difficulty that I won him over to the assumption of a dress more like a prosperous farmer's; and we arranged that he should cut his hair close and wear a little powder. Lastly, as he had not yet been seen by the laundress or her niece, he was to keep himself out of their view until his change of dress was made.

It would seem a simple matter to decide on these precautions; but in my dazed, not to say distracted, state, it took so long that I did not get out to further them until two or three in the afternoon. He was to remain shut up in the chambers while I was gone, and was on no account to open the door.

There being to my knowledge a respectable lodging-house in Essex Street, the back of which looked into the Temple, and was almost within hail of my windows, I first of all repaired to that house, and was so fortunate as to secure the second floor for Mr. Provis. I then went from shop to shop, making such purchases as were necessary to the change in his appearance. This business transacted, I turned my face, on my own account, to Little Britain. Mr. Jaggers was at his desk, but, seeing me enter, got up immediately and stood before his fire.

"Now, Pip," said he, "be careful."

"I will, Sir," I returned. For I had thought well of what I was going to say coming along.

"Don't commit yourself," said Mr. Jaggers, "and don't commit any one. You understand—any one. Don't tell me any thing: I don't want to know any thing; I am not curious."

Of course I saw that he knew the man was come.

"I merely want, Mr. Jaggers," said I, "to assure myself that what I have been told is true. I have no hope of its being untrue, but at least I may verify it."

Mr. Jaggers nodded. "But did you say 'told,' or 'informed?'" he asked me, with his head on one side, and not looking at me, but looking in a listening way at the floor. "Told would seem to imply verbal communication. You can't have verbal communication with a man in New South Wales."

"I will say informed, Mr. Jaggers."

"Good."

"I have been informed by a person named Abel Magwitch that he is the benefactor so long unknown to me."

"That is the man," said Mr. Jaggers, "—in New South Wales."

"And only he?" said I.

"And only he," said Mr. Jaggers.

"I am not so unreasonable, Sir, as to think you at all responsible for my mistakes and wrong conclusions; but I always supposed it was Miss Havisham."

"As you say, Pip," returned Mr. Jaggers, turning his eyes upon me coolly, and taking a bite at his forefinger, "I am not at all responsible for that."

"And yet it looked so like it, Sir," I pleaded, with a miserable heart.

"Not a particle of evidence, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, shaking his head and gathering up his skirts. "Take nothing on its looks; take every thing on evidence. There's no better rule."

"I have no more to say," said I, with a sigh, after standing downcast for a little while. "I have verified my information, and there an end."

"And Magwitch—in New South Wales—having at last disclosed himself," said Mr. Jaggers, "you will comprehend, Pip, how rigidly throughout my communication with you I have always adhered to the strict line of fact. There has never been the least departure from the strict line of fact. You are quite aware of that?"

"Quite, Sir."

"I communicated to Magwitch—in New South Wales—when he first wrote to me—from New South Wales—the caution that he must not expect me ever to deviate from the strict line of fact. I also communicated to him another caution. He appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in his letter at some distant idea he had of seeing you in England here. I cautioned him that I must hear no more of that; that he was not likely to obtain a pardon; that he was expatriated for the term of his natural life; and that his presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony, rendering him liable to the extreme penalty of the law. I gave Magwitch that caution," said Mr. Jaggers, looking hard at me; "I wrote it to New South Wales. He guided himself by it, no doubt."

"No doubt," said I.

"I have been informed by Wemmick," pursued Mr. Jaggers, still looking hard at me, "that he has received a letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Purvis, or—"

"Or Provis," I suggested.

"Or Provis—thank you, Pip. Perhaps it *is* Provis? Perhaps you know it's Provis?"

"Yes," said I.

"Just so. A letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent him the particulars, I understand, by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch—in New South Wales?"

"It came through Provis," I replied.

"Good-day, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, offering his hand; "glad to have seen you. In writing by post to Magwitch—in New South Wales—or in communicating with him through Provis, have the goodness to mention that the particulars and vouchers of our long account shall be sent to you, together with the balance; for there is still a balance remaining in my charge. Good-day, Pip!"

We shook hands, and he looked hard at me as long as he could see me. I turned at the door, and he was still looking hard at me, while the two vile casts on the shelf seemed to be trying to get their eyelids open, and to force out of their swollen throats, "Oh, what a man he is!"

Wemmick was out, and though he had been at his desk he could have done nothing for me. I went straight back to the Temple, where I found the terrible Provis drinking rum-and-water and smoking negro-head in safety.

Next day the clothes I had ordered all came home, and he put them on. Whatever he put on became him less (it dismally seemed to me) than what he had worn before. To my thinking, there was something in him that made it hopeless to attempt to disguise him. The more I dressed him, and the better I dressed him, the more he looked like the slouching fugitive on the marshes. This effect on my anxious fancy was partly referable, no doubt, to his old face and manner growing more familiar to me; but I believe, too, that he dragged one of his legs as if there were still a weight of iron on it, and that from head to foot there was Convict in the very grain of the man.

The influences of his solitary hut-life were upon him besides, and gave him a savage air that no dress could tame; added to these were the influences of his subsequent branded life among men, and crowning all, his consciousness that he was dodging and hiding now. In all his ways of sitting and standing, and eating and drinking—of brooding about in a high-shouldered reluctant style—of taking out his great horn-handled jack-knife and wiping it on his legs and cutting his food—of lifting light glasses and cups to his lips as if they were great pannikins—of chopping a wedge off his bread, and soaking up with it the last fragments of gravy round and round his plate, as if to make the most of an allowance, and then drying his finger-ends on it, and then swallowing it—in these ways and a thousand other small nameless instances arising every minute in the day, there was Prisoner, Felon, Bondsman, plain as plain could be.

It had been his own idea to wear that touch of powder, and I had conceded the powder after overcoming the shorts. But I can compare the effect of it, when on, to nothing but the probable effect of rouge upon the dead; so awful was the manner in which every thing in him that it was most desirable to repress started through that thin layer of pretense, and seemed to come blazing out at the crown of his head. It was abandoned as soon as tried, and he wore his grizzled hair cut short.

Words can not tell what a sense I had, at the same time, of the dreadful mystery that he was to me. When he fell asleep of an evening, with his knotted hands clenching the sides of the easy chair, and his bald head tattooed with deep wrinkles falling forward on his breast, I would sit and look at him, wondering what he had done, and loading him with all the crimes in the Calendar, until the impulse was powerful on me to start up and fly from him. Every hour so increased my abhorrence of him that I even think I might have yielded to this impulse in the first agonies of being so haunted, notwithstanding all he had done for me, and the risk he ran, but for the knowledge that Herbert must soon come back. Once I actually did start out of bed in the night, and begin to dress myself in my worst clothes, hurriedly intending to leave him there with every thing else I possessed, and enlist for India as a private soldier.

I doubt if a ghost could have been more terrible to me, up in those lonely rooms in the long evenings and long nights, with the wind and the rain always rushing by. A ghost could not have been taken and hanged on my account, and the consideration that he could be, and the dread that he would be, were no small addition to my horrors. When he was not asleep or playing a complicated kind of Patience with a ragged pack of cards of his own—a game that I never saw before or since, and in which he recorded his winnings by sticking his jack-knife into the table—when he was not engaged in either of these pursuits he would ask me to read to him—"Some French, dear boy!" While I complied, he, not comprehending a single word, would stand before the fire surveying me with the air of an Exhibitor, and I would see him, between the fingers of the hand with which I shaded my face, appealing in dumb show to the furniture to take notice of my proficiency. The imaginary student pursued by the misshapen creature he had impiously made was not more wretched than I, pursued by the creature who had made me, and recoiling from him with a stronger repulsion the more he admired me and the fonder he was of me.

This is written of, I am sensible, as if it had lasted a year. It lasted about five days. Expecting Herbert all the time, I dared not go out, except when I took Provis for an airing after dark. At length, one evening when dinner was over and I had dropped into a slumber, quite worn out—for my nights had been agitated and my rest broken by fearful dreams—I was roused by the welcome footstep on the staircase. Provis, who had been asleep too, staggered up at the noise I made, and in an instant I saw his jack-knife shining in his hand.

"Steady! It's Herbert!" I said; and Herbert came bursting in, with the airy freshness of six hundred miles of France upon him.

"Handel, my dear fellow, how are you, and again how *are* you, and again how *are* you? I seem to have been gone a twelvemonth! Why, so I must have been, for you have grown thin and pale! Handel, my—Halloa! I beg your pardon."

He was stopped in his rattling on and in his shaking hands with me by seeing Provis. Provis, regarding him with a fixed attention, was slowly putting up his jack-knife, and groping in another pocket for something else.

"Herbert, my dear friend," said I, shutting the double doors, while Herbert stood staring and wondering, "something very strange has happened. This is—a visitor of mine."

"It's all right, dear boy!" said Provis, coming forward, with his little clasped black book, and then addressing himself to Herbert. "Take it in your right hand. Lord strike you dead on the spot if you ever split in any way sumever! Kiss it!"

"Do so, as he wishes it," I said to Herbert. So Herbert, looking with a friendly uneasiness at me, complied, and Provis immediately shaking hands with him, said, "Now you're on your oath, you know. And never believe me on mine if Pip don't make a gentleman on you!"

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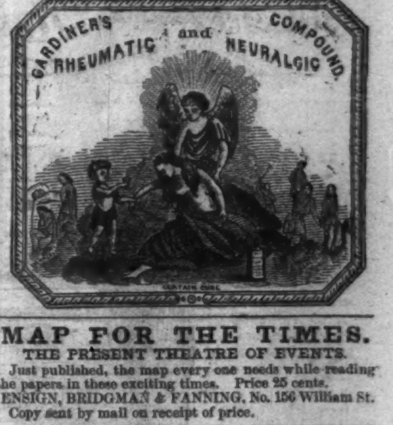

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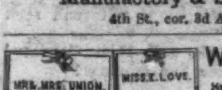

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